Week ending November 18 1944 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

WHAT CAN ONE MAN DO?

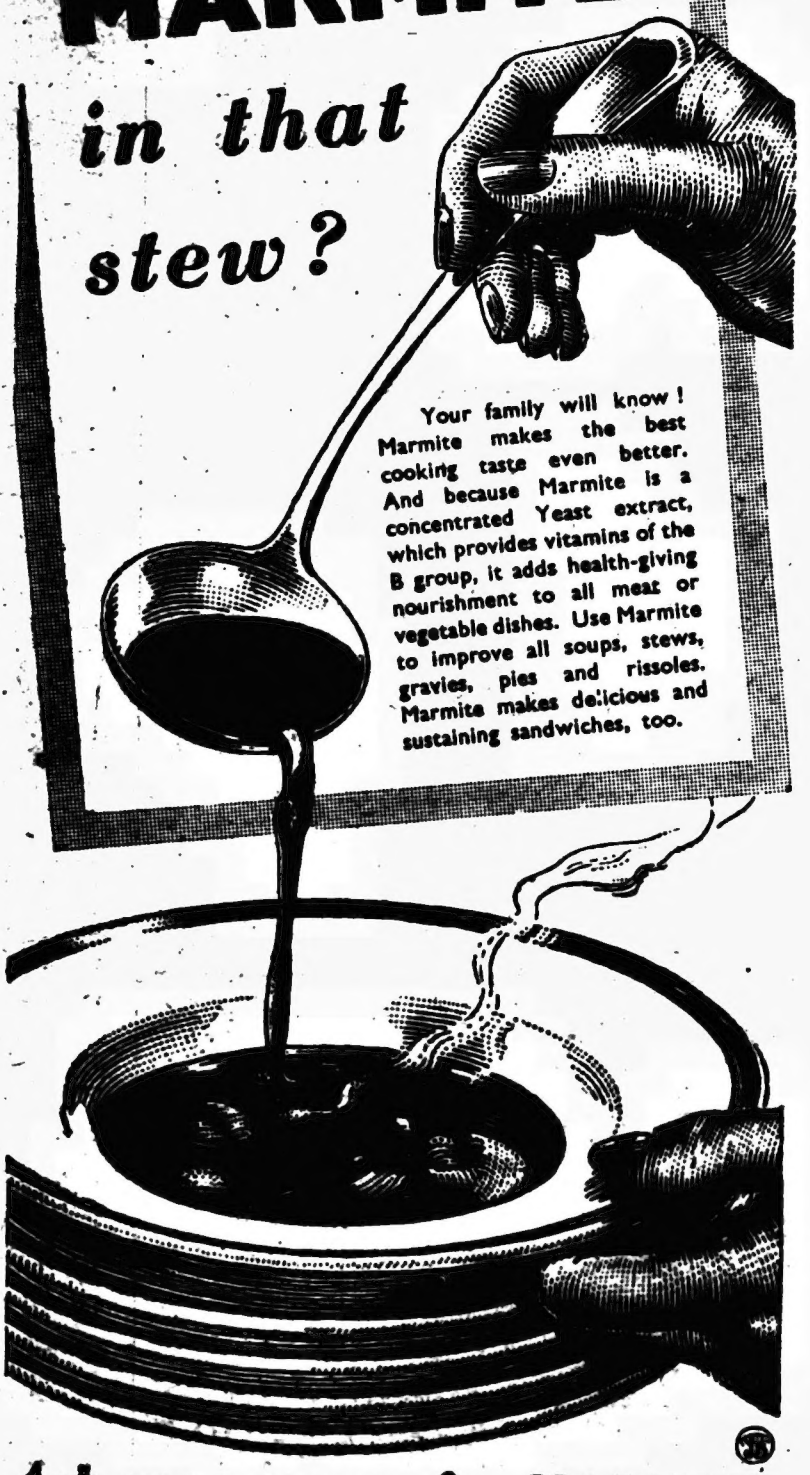
By W. J. Brown, M.P.

LORD WOOLTON'S POST-BAG

see page seven

Cadbury quality—and no points.

Did you put
MARMITE
in that
stew?



Your family will know! Marmite makes the best cooking taste even better. And because Marmite is a concentrated Yeast extract, which provides vitamins of the B group, it adds health-giving nourishment to all meat or vegetable dishes. Use Marmite to improve all soups, stews, gravies, pies and rissoles. Marmite makes delicious and sustaining sandwiches, too.

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is supplied every year to meet the war needs of the Allied Nations—enough to make over 2,000,000,000 album-size snaps. That is why 'Kodak' Film for amateur use is not so easy to buy.

Kodak Limited, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

F.22F

OVERHEARD IN THE MESS

"... Personally I'm all for the home laundry—there's nothing like being independent."

"Quite; providing it doesn't mean all work and no play."

"But that's where modern planning comes in. I want an ideal kitchen with every modern labour saving device; and an ★Acme's at the top of my list."

"I'm with you there—it takes a really heavy wash without effort and your things come out so crisp and clean."

"Well, we had an Acme at my last depot, and nothing less will do for me when I set up *my* ideal home ...."

★ *The Acme Cleanser Wringer will not be on sale until the war is over, but, when planning your future home, remember that Acme's rubber rollers give you a whiter wash than ever.*

"See! MY SINK'S CLEAN IN SECONDS Now I've gone modern with MIRRO!"

Mirro's special detergent cuts through grease and dissolves sticky scum in seconds. Buy a 7d. giant canister of this "screen-sifted" non-scratch cleanser today.

Go modern with

MIRRO

THE SAFE, SPEEDY CLEANSER

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

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CAPSTAN

CIGARETTES & TOBACCO

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You're in luck Miss...

this here's a tin of Nescafé Office 'elevenses' waste no time when you're lucky enough to find a tin of Nescafé. Fragrant, stimulating, made in an instant, right in the cup. No grounds, no mess, no coffee-pot to wash up. But it's hard to get; overwhelming demand means present supplies must be strictly rationed to grocers.

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A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

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Well worth treasuring wherever obtained

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

cleans and protects the home

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"When did your husband kiss you last?"

Coaxing won't charm back kisses—for the wife who's guilty of Oral Offence. Never take chances! Change now to Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste that keeps your mouth fragrant and your teeth sparkling.

Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral Offence—instantly!

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COLGATE

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Twice a day

Naafi CLUBS ARE TRUMPS!

In the new Naafi clubs, a variety of comforts and amusements awaits the Service man and woman — lounges, well-stocked libraries, quiet reading and writing-rooms, cheerful taverns, games-rooms, cafeterias, baths and showers and barber's shops, dances, cabarets, religious services, discussion groups, debates and lectures. Each club has a mending and darning service, and electric irons are available.

The cost of establishing these clubs is borne entirely by Naafi — yet another way in which Naafi provides amenities for the Forces.

NAAFI CLUBS are open at

[illegible]	Royal Exchange Buildings
[illegible]	Havelock Road
[illegible]	Albion Street
[illegible]	Rampant Horse Street
[illegible]	5-9 Bridlesmithgate

Other clubs will shortly open at: Darlington, Aberdeen, Doncaster, Plymouth, Lincoln, Carlisle, Chester and Stamford.

Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes, Ruxley Towers, Claygate, Esher, Surrey

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Without Fear or Favour

SNARES IN SLOGANS

BEWARE OF CATCH-PHRASES. They are the booby-traps of political warfare.

Not all the traps are set with deliberate intent. For instance, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, Minister of Production, has said: "We believe in the Government being a governor, but not—oh, not!—a governess."

Some enemy of progress is almost sure to wire this verbal comparison to a mine of prejudice.

The unsuspecting citizen and the unwary voter may pick the thing up, crying: "Governess be blowed! I want my liberty!"

He will find the slogan explode in his hands, leaving him the broken bits of useless freedom to play with!

Nobody likes grandmotherly legislation. Mr. Lyttelton is not the only man who hates to be "kicked and patted and praised and cursed and directed and fined and licensed and taxed and exhorted all the time."

UNFORTUNATELY, IT IS NOT possible to do things for the many without restricting "the liberty" of the few.

Consider the ramp in land and property. Speculators have been running prices up to double and treble the pre-war level.

They offer big premiums for vacant possession of houses to resell at large profits.

The sloganeers of vested interests pose as friends of the owner-occupier and the "thrifty small investor." They say it would be intolerable to deprive *them* of "legitimate increases in value."

They hope by this means to induce the ordinary householder, buying his home by instalments, to defend the "rights of private ownership" for the benefit of the profiteers.

Catch-phrase mines are plentifully strewn in the path of social progress. So be on your guard against them.

The Editor

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Food as a Weapon

Food Reports from Occupied Countries. A Dutch Court in London. Return of Monarchies to Europe. Who will become Archbishop?

IT IS VITALLY IMPORTANT that food is not used as a political weapon in Europe in the coming months. This happened at the end of the last war. It did a great deal of harm.

We are now slowly getting an accurate idea of what the food position really is inside the Continent.

At first we had little but a string of rainbow stories from correspondents in Paris. They did the French cause much harm by writing up mannequin parades and frivolities.

Disquieting Reports

Now a British Food Mission has been visiting the various liberated countries. It has taken statements from Allied military officers, from experts attached to the Ministry of Economic Warfare, and from local officials.

I have seen a digest of the reports. It makes disquieting reading.

It shows that in France, where the food situation is the best in Europe, it is extremely bad in the south. The Riviera playground is hungry.

Position is Bad

In Paris itself the food position is better than in May. But meat is extremely short.

It is in Normandy and the northern farm country that there is plenty to eat.

Even though things are not as bad as we feared, they are bad enough.

The livestock position is bad. In the industrial towns of the north, the workers get just enough to keep going, but not enough to sustain health for a long period.

In Belgium the position is worse. There will be a shortage of grain by Spring, even though the harvest, in both Belgium and France, has been up to standard.

Those parts of Holland so far liberated have bad reports. The Dutch are living on an unbalanced diet, with insufficient meat and fish.

Ghastly Famine

Western Europe is one story, the Balkans another. Reports from Greece are grim in the extreme.

Pictures of famine conditions have arrived in London so ghastly that they cannot be published.

In peerless Athens, where democracy began, people have died in the streets from hunger.

In parts of Yugoslavia the story is almost as bad.

The problem is a desperate one, not just for Britain, for we are unimportant as a nation of food producers, but for the Empire, the United States, and the Soviet.

Relief Must be Given

The granaries of the Ukraine as well as the fat stock lands of Texas must come to the rescue. At present transport is the great trouble.

One thing is certain. Food, this time, must be given without qualification.

In 1919 it was used as a political weapon. At least one Government, the Hungarian, fell because hunger was used as a lever against it.

Luckily, there are signs that we have learned from the lessons of the last twenty years. To-day we have U.N.R.R.A.

M. Spaak, Belgian Foreign Minister, is a vigorous, forthright Socialist. Belgian food problems and civil defence are his present campaigns

This organisation exists to follow the armies and help to put Europe together again.

Belgian Socialist

THIS QUESTION OF FOOD is one of the most urgent problems now being discussed by M. Spaak, Belgian Foreign Minister, in his visit to London.

M. Spaak is vigorous, restless, witty, and very forthright. A Socialist, he has had an exciting life. As a very young man in the last war he was captured by the Germans and spent two years in prison.

He narrowly escaped the Nazi avalanche in 1940. He spent his exile from his own country in London as a leader of his homeless government.

Next to being a good Belgian, Spaak is an enthusiastic Londoner.

Defending Themselves

He has also discussed the question of Belgium's civil defences.

Both France and Belgium are at the moment being hit by German flying bombs, not in heavy doses, but enough to be irritating.

The people of Belgium want to form their own A.R.P. and anti-aircraft units. They want to take a full part in their own defence.

I hope they get permission. They deserve it.

JB insurance

"THANK YOU! You have always been one of the best," writes Mr. H. W. Clifford, of Ross-on-Wye, in acknowledging cheque paid under "John Bull's" Free Insurance.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS, in addition to FREE AIR-RAID INSURANCE, underwritten at Lloyd's.

Dutch Justice

WITH THE CAMPAIGN going so well in Holland, yet another visiting Government is settling its affairs and preparing to leave Britain.

The Royal Netherlands Government has a larger organisation in London than any other of the exiles. There is even a Dutch court of law which sits in the middle of the West End in a converted county court.

I attended a session a few days ago. Apart from the coat of arms over the judge's throne and the painfully hard public benches, there was nothing to remind us that we were still in Britain.

The policemen, in square-peaked hats, with epaulettes flowing over their tunics, were men who escaped from The Hague in 1940.

The President was a Dutch high court judge from the East Indies. His two juniors came from Rotterdam.

The clerk of the court, in heavy purple robes, was a woman barrister from Amsterdam.

Enjoyed Themselves

The whole proceedings were surprisingly informal. The prisoner was facing a short prison sentence, charged with desertion. But he chatted to the President, waved his hands hopelessly at a witness, and shrugged his shoulders as though not caring.

The spectators all came from the exiled Dutch colony. They all, it was evident, found it enjoyable

They were away from war time London. For a morning they were back in Holland.

I found the proceedings fascinating. But the evidence was double Dutch.

Welcome for a Queen

With the Dutch Government will go, of course, Queen Wilhelmina and Princess Juliana. They are living near London, ready to depart as soon as the military situation warrants it.

They will receive a welcome that will have no parallel in history.

In exile they have behaved with courage and dignity.

So have the statesmen and officials who escaped with them. The hard-working, sober-sided Dutch have made themselves very popular in London. There has been no nonsense about them.

German Princeling

MEANWHILE, YET ANOTHER European princeling is hoping to take the dust off his throne.

Last week I mentioned the arrogant Otto of Hapsburg, who is watching the war from Lisbon, anxious to become King of Austria.

Now I learn that Rupprecht von Wittelsbach, seventy-five year-old pretender to the ancient Kingdom of Bavaria, is being solemnly trotted out as a future monarch.

He is a friend of the Pope. He lives in exile in Florence, having

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

continued from preceding page

waited behind for the Allied armies during the advance up the spine of Italy.

Genial Old Fellow

He dislikes the Nazis. He is a genial old fellow who used to doll himself up in general's uniform in his native Bavaria and attend the local veterans' dinners.

A widower, he remarried late in life, his second wife being a younger sister of the Duchess of Luxembourg. They have a son and six daughters.

Friends in High Places

Surely nobody could take him seriously as a future king. But we must be cautious.

Bavaria is in southern Germany. It is expected to be in the American occupation zone after the victory.

Many Americans, who have no time for kings themselves, are only too anxious to see them littered all over Europe. They consider them a stabilising influence.

And I am assured that Rupprecht, who has lately been having audiences at the Vatican, has plenty of friends in high places.

With no ill-feeling against the old chap, I cordially wish him a complete failure.

The way to permanent peace is not to be found by creating more and more sovereign States.

New Archbishop?

PERMANENT PEACE, OF COURSE, is an infinitely tricky subject. One of the men who knows a great deal about it is Dr. Garbett, Archbishop of York.

Dr. Garbett is a scholar with an international outlook. He knows the United States and Soviet Russia well. In Moscow he was received by Stalin and by the Metropolitan.

If Dr. Garbett were a younger man he would certainly be the next Archbishop of Canterbury. But he is sixty-nine.

Instead, Whitehall is convinced that the choice will be Dr. Fisher, the Bishop of London.

Dr. Fisher is austere, an intellectual. He is a reserved, aloof man. He is no radical, unlike his late chief.

Those Gaiters!

The problem of the next Archbishop has caused many taxicabs to stop at the corner of Downing Street.

Several bishops have called on the Prime Minister since Dr. Temple died. The choice of the next Archbishop rests with the Prime Minister.

The acting head of the Church is appointed by the acting head of State.

Hence the gaiters walking sedately up Downing Street, their wearers busy with mighty matters.

18th Century Survival

WHY *do* BISHOPS wear gaiters? I asked several experts before I found out.

The garb is a survival of the 18th century, when the bishops cantered round their sees on horseback.

Their cassocks were too cumbersome in the saddle. They compromised by wearing the apron which is now part of the outfit.

Why the fraternity should continue to dress for horseback I would not profess to know.

It took some time for the cavalry to give up its spurs after it was mechanised.

Burning with Anger

CAPTAIN FRANK OWEN, ex-newspaperman, is back from Burma, burning with anger and zeal. He says that British newspapers have not done justice to the brave men of the jungle armies.

I think he is right. But much of the trouble was caused by suppression and silly censorship.

I suggest that Owen is not helping his cause by saying that in some circumstances British wounded have to be left to die. That is no talk for worried British wives.

Parliament's Strap-hangers

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT are often weak on facts when it comes to history. During the debate, earlier in the year, on the rebuilding of the House of Commons, speakers reverently mentioned the antiquity of the building.

Yet it is barely a hundred years old. It belongs to that period of imitation Gothic which produced St. Pancras railway station.

Now plans for the new Parliament chamber have been published. It will follow the lines of the one that was bombed.

One point should not escape comment. The new House will seat 346 Members, out of about 635.

Parliament apparently approves of such absenteeism.

Longer Hours for M.P.s?

BY THE TIME the new House of Commons is built it is reasonably certain that M.P.s will be required to work longer hours than now.

If the present Parliament is to clean up its outstanding business in time for a General Election next summer it will have to work overtime.

It will need to revert to its old peace time practice of Standing Committees, to take some of its business off its hands.

This will mean morning committee sessions, followed by Parliamentary sittings in the afternoon and evening. Since the war the House has started sitting at eleven in the morning.

Finding Out Slackers

So far no decision has been taken to adjust Parliamentary hours, but I understand that it is being considered.

If it does come about it will be a blow to the less enthusiastic Members. The slackers will quickly be found out when their names are missing from the division lists.

Attendances remained bad last week. Mr. Churchill's important announcement about rocket bombs was heard by about forty members.

Social Insurance Priority

Meanwhile the Social Insurance Bill is Parliamentary Priority Number One.

I believe it will run to about 800 clauses. Its committee stage will occupy several weeks.

If promises are to be translated into legislation, the future programme is impressive. It is also overloaded.

There is to be a separate Bill dealing with family allowances, another for training and rehabilitation.

Old age pensions and arrangements for providing school meals may also get Bills to themselves.

Some of the diehards will be quite worn out having to make the same speeches of protest every time.

Argument

PASTEURISATION

Pasteurisation, a method of heat treatment for milk to rid it of infection, is recommended by many doctors. Should it be made compulsory? There is violent opposition. What do you think?

for

1. No less than 40 per cent. of our cows are tuberculous and at least two in every hundred infected cows pass on their infection to the milk.
2. Thus every year there are 2,500 deaths from tuberculosis of clearly traceable bovine origin.
3. There have been 140 epidemics ranging from typhoid to virulent sore throat traced to contaminated milk during the past 30 years.
4. Pasteurisation does not boil the milk, which is heated either (*a*) to half boiling point for 20 minutes; or (*b*) for a very short period at a higher temperature. Either method destroys all germs dangerous to man.
5. Pasteurisation does not damage vitamins A, B, and D; loss of B2 is small.
6. Pasteurisation costs three farthings a gallon. Small producers and distributors can be given facilities for grouping themselves together to set up necessary plant.
7. Raw milk from infection-free origins handled with such care as to prevent later infection, is an ideal. It will take many years to reach.
8. Pasteurisation does no appreciable harm and saves many lives each year. To make it general is an urgent need.

against

1. Man always thinks he can improve on nature, only to find out sooner or later that nature knows best.
2. To take raw milk and damage its freshness by heating is folly.
3. People get tuberculosis because they are underfed and live in bad conditions, their diet including too little food which is fresh.
4. The germs in milk may well be helpful to our digestive systems.
5. Experts inspecting pasteurisation plans during 1936-9 reported that a disturbing number were inefficient and did not, in fact, pasteurise the milk they treated.

The big companies find it cheaper to heat their milk than to improve their herds.

6. They urge pasteurisation because it would make small-scale milk production so expensive that only the combines would be able to carry on.
7. The fact that big money is being spent on lobbying and campaigning for pasteurisation is a sure sign that there is big money in it.
8. Pasteurisation is a product of machine-ridden minds who try to cure the ills of a machine-age by still more machinery instead of returning to Nature.

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

UNINFORMED CIRCLES are talking of traordinary scenes in the House Commons during the recent debate the Workmen's Compensation clau The Member for Wormwood Woke with a start just as someone mentio injuries.

"What's this? Somebody hurt?" cried. "I'll 'phone the wife at once. took a first-aid course at the begin of the war."

As he left his seat, another Mem tripped him up, shouting, "Now com sate yourself for that."

"You can't claim that it happe 'while at work,'" put in another M ber gravely.

Hap-Hap-Happy Hapsburg

When Prince Otto,
Feeling blotto,
Says, "Look, I'm a king"—
It don't mean a thing.

Rocketing to Fame

NOW THAT V.2 has been announ some of the experiments of Profe Weed, inventor of gamma-prophenyl inonanilamide-x, are now off the se list. Some months ago the Profe obtained an ordinary rocket through Black Market in fireworks, stuck it in neck of a bottle, and let it off in garden.

It shot through the window of laboratory, knocked over several bo and caused an explosion which blew hat off. "Just wait until I perfect he said, as a policeman arrested him breaking the black-out, signalling to enemy, causing alarm and desponde and posing as an inventor.

Conversation Piece

"FULL EMPLOYMENT, NONSENSE! W does this man Beveridge think doing? Just putting ideas into peo heads! Why, if there were no un ployed, where should we get e workers when we wanted them?"

"But . . ."

"The fellow wants high wages. He doesn't understand elemen economics. If it costs us two bo make an article instead of one-and then we shall have to sell it for ten- six instead of ten bob. So the p will be worse off."

"But you could reduce your profits

"And then we should have to directors' salaries. As I said to Fothergill the other day, it does a good to be out of work every now then. Teaches him to save a bit f rainy day."

What's That Funny Taste?

TOM WILLIAMS, Joint Parliamen Secretary to the Ministry of Agri ture, has just said, "Before the meat was the main thing, but now it become merely a flavouring."

FOOD FLASH.—How to Make Imit Meat-type Steak Pudding: Take ha teacup of flour, 2 lb. best sawdust, tablespoons dried egg (just like real except that the shells are removed it tastes different), salt, pepper, mus parsley, bay leaf, bay rum. Mix al gether with a little powdered milk. the basin to your butcher and ask to show it your meat ration. To se Arrange nicely on several thickness newspaper and throw it in the pig b Then go out to a restaurant.

WHAT CAN ONE MAN DO?

W. J. BROWN, Freelance M.P., doesn't believe that unity is strength. He seems to overlook history, but we are glad to print his interesting viewpoints

● W. J. Brown was General Secretary to the Civil Service Clerical Association without a break from 1919 to 1942, the year in which he was elected M.P. for Rugby. He was born in Battersea, London, the son of a plumber earning £2 a week, and began work as a boy clerk in the Post Office Savings Bank. His autobiography, *So Far*, and his reactions to the United States in *I Meet America*, were provocative and lively. When his two years' work in Parliament for the increase of Pensions was successful, he was so carried away that he clapped the announcement himself. He has two sons in the Services.

Parliamentary reforms in subjects as widely separated as Divorce, Children's Allowances and Pay for the Armed Forces were successfully sponsored by the Independent M.P.s (left to right) A. P. Herbert, Eleanor Rathbone, and W. D. Kendall

THE ERUPTION during this war of a number of men who have fought and won seats in the House of Commons as Independents has given rise to much discussion.

Mr. Peake, the newly appointed Financial retary to the Treasury, talked in a recent ech of the impossibility of having a House posed of 615 Independents.

My good friend, Mr. Arthur Greenwood, re- tly expressed his view that all M.P.s should under one or other of the "two umbrellas"— t is, into the two great Parties.

Where a political Party is the natural expres- of men who share a common political philo- hy and approach to the problems of the day, Independent has no objection to it. What he ets to is the abuses which have grown up in Party system.

I mean by this the inordinate growth, on sides of the House, of the power of the Party cusés—which has so far developed as to make ts out of the ordinary Back Benchers, and to roy that climate of courage and freedom in ch greatness can be brought to fruition.

The difficulty of fighting and winning a seat hese days of very large electorates without aid of a Party machine puts into the hands he Party a great power over the candidate or mber. He is reduced from the status of a man, freely speaking his honest thought, to of a Party advocate speaking and voting to Party "brief."

That is bad for all Parties, and bad for ain.

In recent days the debate about the Indepen- s has taken a different line. It has come to re on the question: "What can one man do?" The implication is, of course, that to get any- done in Parliament the support of a great y is necessary, and that the Independent, "only one man," will be politically useless, it is therefore a waste to vote for him.

Now, there is no doubt that the Independent suffers certain serious disadvantages.

The orthodox Party man has much of his done for him in the Whips' offices. Thus, he beginning of each debate, the Whips on sides will hand in to the Speaker a list of Members whom they wish—subject to Mr. ker's discretion—to take part in the debate. Independent has no Whip to help him catch Speaker's eye.

Again, in speaking, the orthodox Party man available to him the facts and figures and ments compiled by the Research Bureau of Party. The Independent has to get the rial from his own study and observation.

THER, IF A MEMBER "draws lucky" in the allot for the right of moving a Private ber's Motion, his Party will have ready for a selected list of motions from which he can and on which the Party will back him. The man, too, may be sure that, when he puts motions or amendments, there will be Party gues to second him and back him. The pendent must find his own.

There is no doubt that Parliamentary life is easier for the Party man than for the Independent, who must be his own leader, his own Whip, his own rank-and-file, and his own research bureau!

On top of this, when an election comes, the Independent will have to fight all the Party machines. He will have no machine of his own save what he can build from his own resources and activities, which are, unless he is a very rich man, necessarily less than those of an organised Party.

But these disabilities are not so crippling as they sound. In the first place, the Speaker properly regards it as part of his function to see that minorities in the House are duly protected, so that exclusion from the Whips' list of speakers by no means implies exclusion from the debate. In fact, Independent M.P.s do take a full share in Parliamentary discussions.

IN THE SECOND PLACE, the Independent M.P. will normally be a man of pretty wide reading, and if he cannot get his material from Party sources he will nevertheless know where to get it. It will probably be all the more effective because it is not served up to him "on a plate," but has been gathered by his own efforts.

In the third place, it is a positive advantage, when successful in the Private Member's Motion Ballot, not to be restricted to "stock" motions approved of by the Party, but to be free to deal with some subject of urgent importance on which one may speak with special personal knowledge.

As regards seconders and backers, my own experience is that there is no difficulty in getting them on any worthy issue.

Moreover, the Independent has certain positive advantages in getting things done. If a Labour man advocates a given policy, half the House will probably be against him on Party grounds. If a Tory advocates a given policy, Labour opposition will similarly be instinctive.

When an Independent advances a proposition which is obviously sound, support will not be withheld from him on Party grounds.

But theory is a poor thing unless it can be supported by facts.

What can one man do? Let us look at a few examples of what one man has done.

The "Plimsoll Line"—that line drawn around a ship to prevent overloading, which has saved the lives of thousands of our sailors—was the result of the devoted labours of one man, Samuel Plimsoll, who concentrated on this one issue, year after year, in a way that would have been impossible had he been an orthodox Party man.

Mr. A. P. Herbert's Divorce Bill, which brought relief to thousands of men and women chained by law to drunken, cruel, or deserting partners, was the work of "one man."

The Pensions (Increase) Act, 1944, which brought relief to 750,000 pensioners—including Army, Navy, Air Force, Civil Servants, Teachers, Police, and Local Government Servants—would—I make bold to say—never have been passed but for my own insistent pressure, exerted over two years, until I had a majority of the House with me in the demand for relief to these old servants of the State.

It was another Independent, Mr. W. D. Kendall, whose Private Member's Motion on the pay of the Armed Forces led to the setting up of the "Committee of Twenty-Six," which extracted 50 millions a year from the Government in the shape of increased pay for the Forces and increased allowances for their dependants.

Miss Eleanor Rathbone, another Independent, has ploughed a lonely furrow for many years on children's allowances, but that furrow is about to produce its long cultivated crop.

Among Ministers, it would be invidious to say which have done best in this war. But would it be unfair to say that Lord Woolton, as Minister of Food, Sir Stafford Cripps, as Leader of the House and as Minister of Aircraft Production, have put up performances as worthy as any? Both are Independents.

AND THE COUNTRY owes its survival not least to the fact that Mr. Churchill insisted, in the ignoble years, on going his own, and not his Party's way! Thank God he did! The work of Sir Arthur Salter, another Independent, in the United States in dealing with the shipping resources of the Allied Powers has been of greater value than the general public yet realises.

I do not argue for a House of 615 Independent Members. I do argue against the modern abuses of the Party system which present us with about 600 *tied* Members.

I do argue that we shall get a free country only from a Free House of Commons. The protest, which the Independents represent, against the robotising of politics is a protest which is worthy of widespread public support.

The Beveridge Way To Full Employment

Future Budgets may be on man-power, not money

SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE'S book, *Full Employment in a Free Society* (Allen and Unwin, Ltd., 12s. 6d.), creates another landmark in the social history of England.

In it he shows how everyone can have a job in post-war Britain.

The sub-title of his book, *In a Free Society*, is important. It is easy to maintain full employment under a totalitarian régime.

Sir William believes that neither the Essential Work Order nor the powers of industrial direction which apply in war time should be continued when the war is over. He also believes that full employment is still possible with industry largely in the hands of private enterprise.

The key to the whole plan is given in Part One—Adequate Total Outlay. The word "outlay" is used in preference to "spending," because outlay suggests a *design* in spending.

It works this way. If everybody is fully employed at reasonable wages, then the purchasing power of the country is high and the demand for goods brisk.

If large numbers of people fall out of work and have no wages the goods they would have bought, and those who made them, become a surplus.

Beveridge's conclusion is obvious. If we can maintain the purchasing power of the public at a reasonable level that will be a big step towards stabilising employment.

But outlay also involves the people who invest capital to start factories and shops. Therefore investment must also be maintained at a high level.

The Budget in future would have to be planned in relation to the available man-power, and not to the available money.

This means, first, that State expenditure would not be kept down to the minimum. Second, that State income and expenditure need not necessarily balance every year.

Instead of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, Beveridge wants a Minister of National Finance, who, every year, will estimate how much the man in the street can be expected to lay out on consumption and private investment. He must then put forward for that year sufficient public expenditure to get full employment.

Sir William's method for keeping investment at the right level uses a National Investment Board which would have the power to obtain information from investors showing what they intended to do with their money when their proposed undertakings are above a certain size.

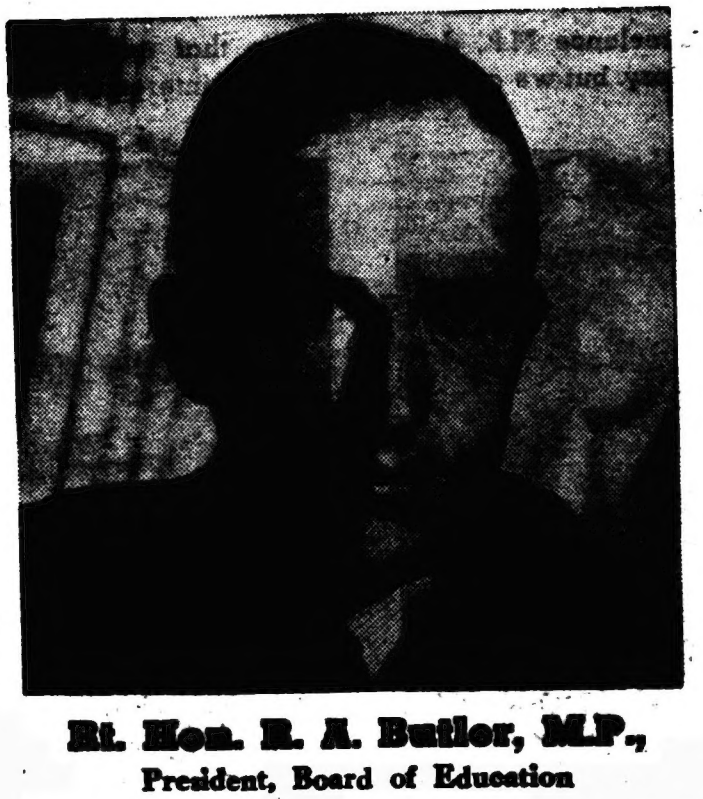
The Board would also have economic experts sending in reports which would prevent a slump in one part of the country and a boom in another.

ANOTHER PART of the plan shows that some control of the location of industry will also be necessary. Following this, we see that mobility of labour must play a big part, too.

The importance of the plan can be judged by Sir William's statement that: "If the unused labour resources (the unemployed) of Britain between the two wars could have been brought into use, it would have been possible, without any further change, to increase the total output of the community by approximately one-eighth."

It would also have meant a corresponding rise in our standard of living.

OPEN LETTERS



Rt. Hon. R. A. Butler, M.P.,

President, Board of Education

DEAR MR. BUTLER,—One of the most evil of the many evil aims of the Nazis in Occupied Europe was so to starve the conquered nations that future generations would be weak and sickly.

Soldiers in the van of the Allied Armies of Liberation tell ghastly stories of hungry and emaciated children.

Happily, we in Britain realised at the outset of the war the peril our future generations would face if our children were underfed.

The Ministry of Food gives them extra milk, supplies orange juice and cod-liver oil through clinics and local food offices, and arranges for them priority distribution of health-giving oranges.

Your Department, in turn, while appreciating the Food Ministry's work, realised that it was not enough if plans for a sound, healthy Britain of the future were to be successful.

So you decided to provide school meals for children. The scheme has been in operation now for more than four years, and the promise of feeding *all* children attending school has not been fulfilled.

In May of last year you announced that about 1,500,000 dinners were being provided daily in the schools, and you added, hopefully: "As a practical target we must provide for 75 per cent. of the children with the utmost speed."

In the eighteen months that have elapsed since you spoke there has been no increase in the number of meal supplied. Why have you failed to fulfil your pledge?

Officially, the reasons are difficulties during the invasio of France, lack of transport, lack of labour, lack of suitabl buildings. Then, of course, blame was thrown on dislocatio and damage caused by flying bombs.

Some difficulties were present when you spoke in 194 D-Day and flying bombs were not with us for at lea thirteen months afterwards.

There's plenty of food in the country.

It's your job to see that it reaches those most in ne of it—the children—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

START STEP BY STEP

IN MOST OF THE situations with which life confronts us, we are our own biggest obstacles. You don't believe it? Well, consider! What do *you* do when you have something to do?

Do you pitch right in? Do you start right away? Or do you dither and hesitate and hum and haw and find all manner of marvellous reasons why it will be just as good to begin five minutes hence as to start now?

Why wait while you find an answer? We all know it! And if you're not responsible for the obstacle of "putting off," who is?

Let's pass on. Let's assume you've jumped that hurdle. How long do you keep going without looking at the clock (and finding to your astonishment that the hands have hardly moved), without your attention wandering, without feeling tired, or bored or dissatisfied? We won't wait for that answer either. We know that one, too!

We mostly start in too much of a hurry. We want to finish before we have fairly begun.

Far better to start with a little, to start slowly, to start carefully and thoughtfully. Step by step is a sure method. All at once ends by being nothing at all.

"At all costs," said a knowing writer, "avoid the risk of an early failure. I will not agree that a glorious failure is better than a petty success. A glorious failure leads to nothing. A petty success may lead to a success that is not petty."

Sir Trustram Eve, K.C.,

Rehousing Chief

DEAR SIR TRUSTRAM,—This is a true story which, I su gest, might be the subject of an inquiry by your officials.

A few days ago three workmen with ladders and ca arrived at a house in Epsom—your Department can ha the address—*to replace two tiles blown off by blast.*

Two hundred yards away the woman owner of a hou protested to other workmen who came to put up a couple ceilings that she could wait, adding that there must more vital work waiting. The workmen stolidly replied th they had their orders—and put up the ceilings.

A few miles away, at Croydon, Sutton, Wallington a other badly-blasted areas, families are waiting for the arri of men who will make their homes weatherproof.

Is there no plan to divert labour to the pla where it is most needed?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Aneurin Bevan,

Labour M.P. for Ebbw Vale

DEAR MR. BEVAN,—It was a brave speech you made Glasgow the other day, when you declared "that when t war is over the only way in which Europe is going to rebuilt, the only guarantee we can have for the establi ment of permanent peace, is that the engineers and min and shipbuilders in Great Britain shall meet the engine and miners and shipbuilders in Germany and all the ot nations and try to build a better world."

But why only three classes of workers getting togeth

Is there any reason why close, international re tions should not exist among newspaper men, profess farm labourers, steelworkers, textile operatives, lawy doctors, clerics, M.P.s, and teachers of all nations?

Surely the more the world's together the happier it be.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Hugh Dalton, M.P.,

President, Board of Trade

DEAR MR. DALTON,—Britain pioneered television. Are now to lose prestige and markets because you have yet assure our radio manufacturers that the switch-over to c mercial production of television sets will not be delayed?

America, it seems, is already preparing for the imme demand for sets which is bound to come when the impro television programmes are put on by the B.B.C.

They may jump our markets. Worse than that, country is still in the dark about those post-war programm In the meantime, the B.BC. is in danger of losing experienced television men to the United States.

You can offset that danger by giving our radio indu the chance it deserves—and is waiting for.—JOHN BULL.

Captain C. C. Poole,

Labour M.P. for Lichfield

DEAR CAPTAIN POOLE,—While many people, especially a week miners and £3 a week agricultural labourers, scoff at your statement that "it is almost impossible fo M.P. to live on £600 a year without being on the border- of poverty," I agree that the financial reward is too me for an M.P. who is diligent and conscientious in carrying his Parliamentary duties and in keeping faith with constituents.

But how many M.P.s do keep the faith?

I wonder what percentage of absenteeism there woul in the House if the question for debate were one of inc ing M.P.s' pay to £1,000 a year and providing them free secretaries?—JOHN BULL.

LORD WOOLTON'S POST-BAG

The Minister of Reconstruction is a man who finds out for himself. The way he does it — and some of his discoveries — are revealed in this article

by a JOHN BULL CORRESPONDENT

"I GO TO MUCH TROUBLE to find out what the men and women in the Services are thinking," Lord Woolton says. What trouble does he go to? And what does he find out from them—and from their families?

I sought the answers at his office.

People are wrong who picture Britain's reconstruction chief as seated at the head of an elaborate new Ministry.

He has no big staff. No huge building to house it. Only a nice old terrace house in Whitehall next to what was the Services Headquarters of Combined Operations. And just as Combined Operations co-ordinated special units of the Fighting Services, so Lord Woolton co-ordinates the several Ministries concerned with Reconstruction.

How He Finds Out

His job is in helping to form principles which others will put into practice. As a guide to those principles that he has his ear to the ground for what people are thinking.

He visits Service camps, asking and inviting questions. He has Services newspapers and periodicals at his elbow. He picks up at random from his secretary's desk letters which ordinary people write to him.

He does not rely only on the summary of interesting points from his post-bag which is prepared daily for him. Nor on the survey of opinion gathered weekly through official channels.

His methods are personal and human. I saw the signature *Woolton* on replies to letters from humble and unknown people. Others, signed by his secretary, began with the personal touch, "I am writing on behalf of Lord Woolton who asks me to say . . ."

Petrol-filling stations are not a "high level" subject—they are the business of local authorities. An R.A.F. corporal wrote about starting one after the war. He said: "Without in any way slackening effort in my activities with the Air Force, I am anxious to plan for a post-war occupation so that valuable time need not be wasted after demobilisation."

The Minister was impressed by a man who, while looking ahead to do something for himself, put his war job first, and the corporal got a personal reply.

Social insurance co-ordination, involving the medical services, is a Woolton job and the Minister was interested in these points from an R.A.F. discussion group:

"Medical services to remain unaltered: none voted in favour. Nationalisation of all medical services: one-third in favour. State control of hospitals, etc., but freedom for doctors left in general practice: two-thirds in favour."

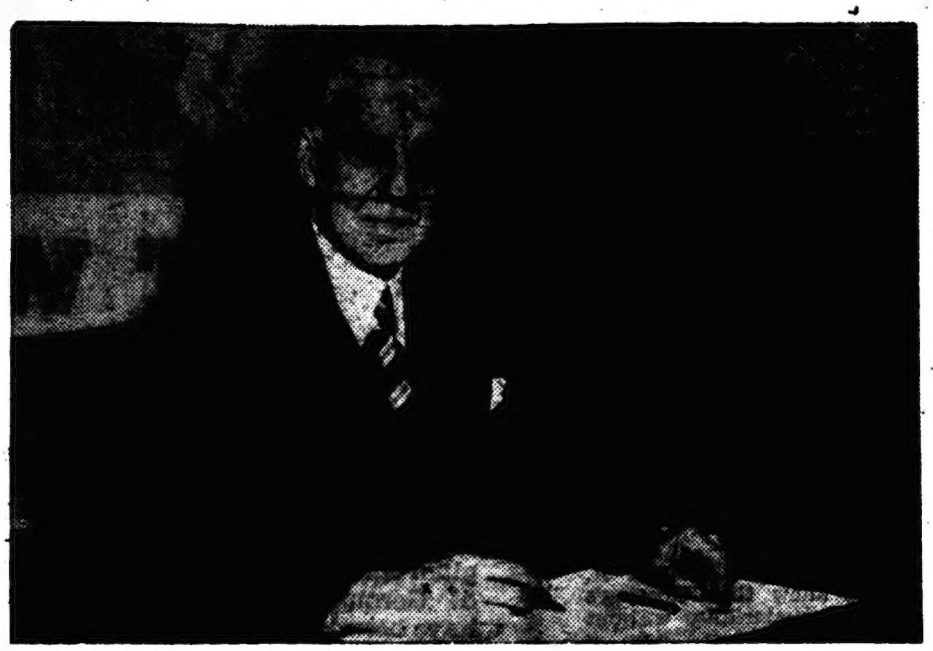
People Come First

Lord Woolton has a family link with the Air Force—a son serving as a flying officer. He has a daughter in the A.T.S.

Young people are his great concern. "We must never again," he tells you earnestly, "have malnutrition in this country." He saw the effects of it in the last war.

He was then warden of a dockland settlement in Liverpool, where he and his wife started one of the country's first pre-natal clinics for mothers.

It was then that he learned to look for the human side, how to see everything in terms of people. In turn, as his post-bag shows, people have come to look on



Lord Woolton is no mere soulless figurehead. When he was Minister of Food he won respect and admiration even from those who stood in the queues

him as a Minister who "speaks their own language."

When he first saw a temporary steel house he took one glance at it and said: "It's got a flat roof. What's going to happen to the child's ball?"

"Where's the mother going to put the pram?" he asked later.

On another occasion, he was suddenly missed by officials showing him over similar houses. They found him round a corner talking with a postman and his wife. He was interested in what these people thought of the homes they would perhaps be living in.

Most Service men's wives who write to the Minister seem quite happy about the temporary houses and eager to have them until better can be provided.

How will they get them? The Minister's advice to one wife was: "Your best plan for the present, until these houses are in mass production, is to keep your name before the local authority and watch for any announcements in the Press."

Lord Woolton has inevitably to refer to other Ministries many of those correspondents who regard him as Minister of Reconstruction of Everything, with unlimited powers for dispensing advice and delivering the goods.

But I did not notice that anyone got the usual formal reply: "Your letter has been referred to So-and-So." The answer was always informative, a guide to correspondents as to whom they should write, as in the following letters:

"The Ministry of Health is the Department to contact as it is concerned with individual housing problems."

"The technical details of the design of post-war houses are the direct concern of the Ministry of Works, and you should get in touch with them if you wish to make suggestions."

A woman appeals for sound-proof houses, an inventor offers a roofing patent . . . there is no end to the variety shown in Lord Woolton's post-bag for the building of the New Britain.

"I'd like to come home and help as soon as Germany is beaten," say many letters from building workers in the Services. Similar desires are expressed by all sorts of skilled workers.

Lord Woolton does not want to see that enthusiasm blunted. But, he explains, no men are being asked for from the Fighting Services.

An example of this interest in post-war affairs, noted by him, came from an R.A.F. station: "Several information rooms are being organised at this station. These rooms are designed to give the men up-to-date information on current affairs, mainly by means of wall displays of diagrams, maps, illustrations and text, supplemented by pamphlets and reference books. It would be appreciated if any material could be supplied covering such subjects as post-war town and country planning and building.

Lord Woolton rates the communal spirit highly. When he contemplates post-war estates, he thinks first of their community centre and community life.

He is anxious about the proper placing of their schools.

"Reconstruction begins with Education," is one of his planning principles. He has a finger in the Education pie, too.

His Other Interests

And in several others besides those previously mentioned—Health, Employment, Functioning of Industry, the Land, in how Government (Parliamentary and local) is going to function.

Add to all this a seat in the War Cabinet and the function of the Reconstruction co-ordinator may appear to include a search for overlapping. In housing alone he deals with five Ministries—Health, Works, Labour, Supply, and the Scottish Office.

He urges local authorities not only to have main plans ready, but also details of quantities and costs so that they can begin building as soon as labour and materials are released.

Comparisons with the last war are invidious as present problems are immeasurably greater. However, it is worth noting that in 1919, after the Homes for Heroes cry, fewer than a thousand houses were built. About 30,700 were built in two years.

This time the programme for a hundred thousand houses the first year and two hundred thousand the second, not counting the stop-gap temporary ones, still won't provide enough.

For those who like figures, I saw at the Minister's office notes prepared for him showing that needs for London alone include 150,000,000 tiles and slates, 200,000,000 square feet of ceiling and 50,000,000 square feet of glass.

In his London flat at Whitehall Court, Lord Woolton lives on top of his job. A few steps take him home from the office at seven or later in the evening, usually seven days a week, with a full despatch-case that keeps him busy until one in the morning.

"Fair doo's all round" is a good old Lancashire saying of his.

He carried it out as Minister of Food. Now he is bending all his talents and energies towards the same success in his present gigantic task

Your New Life

PUTTING A PERMANENT EDGE ON IT

THE LATEST industrial miracle, the cure for the bottle-neck in machine-cutting tools in war factories, will mean a minor post-war revolution in your private house and workshop, too.

Everything will have a permanent edge on it.

This latest discovery is a process of surface chromium alloying which gives tools a razor edge of almost indefinite duration. And when you remember what these edges have to stand in cutting masses of hard metal at war-production pressure, just think what they will perform in light, domestic duties.

When you get up in the morning you'll probably have a clean, smooth shave with a razor blade you've been using for years! And when you come down to breakfast you'll be able to carve paper-thin slices of ham.

If you are a housewife, your kitchen knives and other cutting and mincing tools will never be dull.

Your scissors, too, will always be in condition to cut that expensive piece of material cleanly. And when

you ask the "old man" to fix up a new shelf or cupboard, he'll be able to go right ahead without first having to collect and sharpen his work-bench tools on the oil-stone.

And in the garden the new process may provide, at last, the realisation of that old, old dream—a feather-weight lawn-mower which will shave your grass—velvet-smooth while you push with one hand.

Yes, surface chromium alloying is going to smooth away a lot of petty irritations.

H. H.

Fighting From Behind a Desk

Secrets of the Economic War told for the first time

Lord Selborne directed Economic Warfare from an office in Berkeley Square

THE RECENT ANNOUNCEMENT that the Ministry of Economic Warfare has finished its job and is being disbanded focused attention on one of the most "hush-hush" Government Departments of the war. Many stories of its astonishing coups cannot yet be told. Some, however, are no longer locked in Ministry files.

It was not many months ago that British contraband officers, boarding a neutral ship, found a passenger hiding in the storeroom and removed no less than £5,000 worth of industrial diamonds from his coat linings.

About the same time a crack squadron of British-based Mosquitos blasted a well-camouflaged German factory producing precision instruments.

Fighting with Maps

In the same week two Belgian patriots, acting on orders from Britain, accomplished a special sabotage task in their still Nazi-occupied country.

There would not seem to be any connection between these three events. Yet they were prepared by the same secret, silent British organisation—by the Ministry of Economic Warfare, which, headed by Lord Selborne and Mr. Dingle Foot, has played havoc with the enemy's resources, supplies, production, trade, banking, and a variety of other activities.

The M.E.W. has waged war from behind an office desk.

Their armour was based on statistics, on industrial reports, on trade "intelligence," on chemical analyses. They fought with maps and charts, with lists of firms, German and neutral, producing every commodity under the sun.

Secret Agents

Orders issued from M.E.W. were scrupulously carried out by the Navy and the Air Force, the Army and the Foreign Office, even the Treasury and the Board of Trade.

The basis of the tremendously complicated work of economic warfare was a plain balance-sheet of what Germany had got and what she had not got—who had got what Germany wanted, and how Germany could get it.

It looks like a dull sort of warfare which cannot stir the imagination. Can't it?

Of course it can! You have only to hear "behind the scenes" stories of work like the compilation of the famous Allied "Black List," the register of firms aiding the enemy, to realise this.

Secret agents and experts undertook dangerous journeys to gather closely guarded information in a dozen or more countries before it could be completed. To-day there are roughly 15,000 neutral firms on this Black List.

Their trade routes have been tapped. More than once the Navy, the Air Force, or patriot forces were ordered into action to stop the traffic of goods to Germany.

This Ministry had to discover and prevent a curious assortment of enemy tricks. There was, for instance, the time when Nazi authorities granted exit permits to French, Dutch, Belgian and even German Jews on condition that "foreign friends" would pay a handsome sum, say, £10,000, as ransom. Thus Germany tried to acquire sorely needed foreign exchange. It had to be stopped.

Again, there is the story of a conference of high-ranking officials of Goering's Ministry of Economics planning the production of a highly dangerous weapon.

M.E.W. soon knew all about it. Their experts knew that Goering's plans could not materialise without an adequate supply of berylium, a rare steel-hardening alloy. At once all possible sources of berylium were surveyed. Word was sent out to suitable forces. That berylium did not reach Germany.

To show the Ministry's work on oil and transport, let me recall a critical period during the African campaign.

Information was received that Rommel's strategy of defence depended on an early supply of oil for his aircraft. A strong Naval and Air force was directed to deal with the matter. Within a week ten German oil tankers were sunk in the Mediterranean.

No Peace for Hitler

A few days later hundreds of Junkers and Messerschmitts were captured while they were grounded on African airfields. Lack of oil had tied them to their aerodromes.

There was a time when the enemy was in serious need of the products of a Swiss firm named Sulzer Bros.

The Foreign Office was approached and a warning was issued to that firm to stop supplying Germany forthwith.

Sulzer Bros. did not comply with the request. And it is in a case like this that the work of M.E.W. assumes an importance far beyond its war-winning task.

The result of their attitude is that Sulzer Bros. will never get a British contract again. None of the principal Allies—for M.E.W. worked in close accord with corresponding organisations all over the world—will ever deal with Sulzer Bros. again.

Among other things, M.E.W. has kept a close watch on the money, securities and art treasures which Goering, Goebbels, Himmler, Ley and many more have exported to neutral countries as their post-war nest-eggs.

The Nazis plan to finance post-war guerilla and underground activities against the Allies inside Germany from some of these foreign funds. But we know all about it—let them abandon them now.

The M.E.W., its work done, has been closed down. But its spirit lives, and will survive the war for the protection of the peace.

WILLI FRISCHAUER

IT WILL SHOR TEN

"No winter respite" is General Eisenhower's grim pro . That is

by A. G. RDINE

WINTER IS HERE and the sixth War Christmas looms ahead. The hopes raised by the tidal wave that swept over France, Belgium and Holland to the frontiers of Germany in the late summer have been disappointed.

Victory this year then seemed "in the bag." It is delayed, in the calculation of Mr. Churchill, till "next Spring or early summer." If it comes sooner it will come from events within Germany rather than from events without.

Not that there will be a pause without. "There will be no lull in the war," says Roosevelt. "No winter respite," says Eisenhower.

But the pace will be slowed down. East and West we are on German soil. But the battle fronts are a sea of mud and the conditions for the decisive offensive can hardly be looked for until the days lengthen and the sun gains power.

If the delay is disappointing to us, it can bring no cheer to the enemy. The prison walls have closed in on him relentlessly on every side.

All his outer bastions have fallen. The Balkans are lost. Finland is lost. The Ægean, France, the Low Countries, Rumania, the Baltic States—all are lost. Italy, Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia are crumbling.

The tide of war is sweeping up the Danube and thundering on the Rhine, and the shattered fragments of Hitler's armies are fleeing desperately for home.

The bones of milions of the flower of those armies litter the steppes of Russia, the deserts of Africa, and the mountains of Italy. A million more have been lost, dead or prisoners, in the great drive from the West. And Germany, encircled by enemies, is fighting alone.

But most ominous of all, the whole war strategy of Germany has collapsed. The central principle of that strategy has always been to wage war away from home. Its horrors were for her victims. They must never stain the soil of Germany.

And now the war has come home to Germany, and to Germany alone. She is a besieged fortress. All the might with which the Allies have destroyed Hitler's "fortress of Europe" is now concentrated on the destruction of the fortress of Germany.

Note the despair in Dittmar's voice as, in his broadcast, he faces the dreadful fact:

> "There is a disconcerting feeling of claustrophobia in the air now that we live within the confines of a besieged fortress. We who have been brought up in the tradition of the Prussian officer corps admit that we do not regard war within a fortress as a particularly attractive proposition. Operational freedom has always been the main source of our victories. We know that fortresses can become deadly traps for those who overstay their time in them."

YES, A DEADLY TRAP, General Dittmar. A doomed garrison, General Dittmar. You know it. We know it. All Germany knows it.

Why then does Germany fight on? Why does she invite such an avalanche of ruin as no nation in history has suffered? Why does she challenge, not defeat, but extinction?

The answer bears on the duration of the war. If the end is to come this winter, it must come within Germany herself.

If the decision rested with the military experts it would have come months ago. If it rested with the German people, it would have come months ago.

But it rests with neither. With her slave mentality Germany has delivered herself body and soul to the monster that her own idolatry has created.

Now she is between two Terrors —the Terror without and the

TEN THE WAR

. That is the only language the enemy understands

RDINER

Terror within. And, of the two, Himmler and his Gestapo are the most immediately feared.

For all practical purposes Himmler is now the despot of Germany. Hitler, dead or alive, is only a shadow lurking in the background, unseen, unheard, probably hiding in his fastness at Berchtesgaden.

But Himmler, through his army of spies and thugs, holds the fate of every German in his hands.

APART FROM HIM and his creature Goebbels, there is no government in Germany, no form of public opinion, no Reichstag, no free Press, no free assembly, no free church—nothing but a nation in dissolution, cowering under the lash of the Gestapo.

It cannot surrender until it shakes off the tyrant.

And Himmler and his fellow-gangsters dare not surrender, for they know what awaits them. They fight on with the desperation of rats in a trap, determined that if they perish all Germany and all Europe shall perish with them.

They dream of an underground war that will exhaust the patience of a tired world and enable them to emerge from the universal wreck, their fangs still undrawn, their claws uncut. Meanwhile the war must be kept going, and the whole nation must be whipped off to the trenches.

This is the plot. But if nothing succeeds like success, so also nothing fails like failure. And now that Hitlerism is blown on, even the sheep-like Germans may be expected to strike. The July plot against Hitler failed; but the civil war in Germany goes on.

The Nazi movement itself is honeycombed with conspiracy. The arrest of Scheppmann, Chief of the Nazi Storm Troops, the murder of Franz Schacht, the nephew of Dr. Schacht, the rounding up of old Nazi stalwarts like Bulo, Sprengel, Hawe and Fuhrmann, and hundreds of others, show that a deadly rot has set in.

At some point the flames will break out beyond control, and the whole edifice of Nazism will crash. The strain of this winter may well provide the occasion.

For this winter will be like no other winter of the war in Germany. The siege of Germany will be in full blast for the first time. It will strike on all fronts, at all homes and in all elements—land, sea and air. And it will strike with every ounce of its power.

This is imperative. I see in one of the Sunday papers (not for the first time) a strong plea that we should be kind. We have done nothing, it seems, "since we set foot on German soil but strengthen the German spirit of resistance."

This I believe to be as false as it is mischievous. We have to destroy what Heine called "the brutal German lust of battle."

Hitherto they have visited the horrors of war on their neighbours. Even when they have lost, as in 1918, they have escaped those horrors themselves. They have accepted fair treatment in defeat as a sign of weakness, and have exploited it to plot another war (as they are plotting now).

THE ONLY LANGUAGE they respect is force. They have to be taught that force is double-edged. They have to be taught that war does not pay, has not paid, and never shall pay.

We shall not scourge them one day longer than we are compelled. But if they will not accept defeat when defeat stares them in the face, then they must be smitten till they can bear no more. Only in this way can we shorten the war.

Only in this way can this gifted but barbaric people be brought back into the civilised society of the world which they have wrecked, outraged and defiled.

Hannen Swaffer Talks

ABOUT PEOPLE AND EVENTS

MORE THAN A NEW House of Commons is needed. We want one with much more room, not only for the public but for M.P.s. Why, if you send them there to sit, should they stand?

Recently, I saw a Tory seated in the Central Lobby dictating his day's correspondence to a secretary who could put the letters only on the floor. Although that is now to be remedied, as Captain Poole, the Member for Lichfield, told the House, that in Canada national funds provide a secretary for every two M.P.s.

More, when I was in Ottawa, there was a private room for every pair of Members—one in which they could go on with their private work when their presence in the Chamber was not essential.

How else can you encourage to go to Parliament men who have to earn a living?

Effete Monarchies

WHEN WILL THE Foreign Office, which still pursues a pro-monarchical attitude towards Greece realise that the Greek people, as a whole, are determined to have their own democratic government?

Grave harm will be done to our relations with the masses of the people who fought heroically against the Nazis for three years unless we officially side with them.

If we are true to our national principles, we must give way. Why not behave, now, with the magnanimity of a powerful friend to an impoverished one?

Besides, what's all this nonsense about helping the effete Otto to climb on the Austrian throne?

Franco Flops

FRANCO, DOUBTFUL ABOUT the rank and file of his own army, now prefers to rely for the safety of his régime on Moors, foreign legionaries and also Germans who escaped from France on D-Day!

His friends abroad know he is on the down grade. His generals are unanimous that he cannot last six months. Many of those who support him do so reluctantly.

Even the *Catholic Herald*, his old champion, now says: "We do not think the Franco-Phalangist régime has served Catholic Spain well."

Whitehall Wobbles

If Whitehall expressed the feelings of democratic Britain, the last Fascism that matters in Europe would collapse.

Yet, although, in reality, Downing Street dislikes the Franco régime, it thinks it the "only one possible just now." Therefore it must be supported, but not by extreme measures.

If it goes, our Foreign Office would prefer a regency under Don Juan, with a plebiscite about the monarchy, or, failing that, a military dictatorship.

Until it becomes strong, the Republicans—the martyrs of Spain!—are to be ignored, and propaganda generally is to go no farther than stress "the superiority of Parliamentary democracy over totalitarianism."

Weary Soldiers

PITY, WHENEVER YOU TRAVEL in a slow and crowded train, the soldiers who are jammed in or who, worse still, have to stand for hours in the corridors.

When travelling North, the other day, I met an R.A.F. officer who was going to Manchester on leave after coming all the way from Penzance.

On the way back, an officer told me that, after reaching London—we were an hour late—he had to go on to Salisbury and then, at 3 a.m., walk twelve miles to his barracks.

Then I heard of a soldier who, after coming from Aberdeen to London for a medical examination, was sent all the way back to Aberdeen to get his kit which, when signed for, he had to bring straight back to London!

AS SEEN BY MACMICHAEL

Coal as Power

MUCH UNREST AMONG the miners would end if they did not see so much of the fruits of their labour go, after all their hard and dirty work, first to the railways and then the middle men.

Cheap power must flow through the land if we are to hold our own with other manufacturing countries.

If generating stations were built near the pits, this would reduce its cost and the men would see the results of their labour flowing straight to the consumer.

In America, the generating stations at Niagara Falls send power 150 miles to Syracuse; those in the Mississippi valley 140 miles to St. Louis; and those in Sierra Nevada 240 miles to Los Angeles.

Roasting a V.C.

JACK WHITE, THE JEWISH V.C.—he won it, in the last war, in Mesopotamia—cleverly pulled the leg of Michael O'Leary, the Irish V.C., at a recent ex-Services dinner they both attended in Manchester.

Called on for a speech, he said that, in spite of the hero's blushes, he would tell how Michael won his decoration. He heard, he said, when they both went to the Palace for their decoration, this conversation:

George V: "Tell me, in your own words, O'Leary, how you won your V.C.?"

O'Leary: "I saved a battalion of the Connaught Rangers, your Majesty."

George V: "A whole battalion?"

O'Leary: "Yes, your Majesty. I poisoned the cook."

But Jack White always tells that story—of every V.C. he meets.

The doodlebug had cut out. And inside that very second down went Ben—slap in the gutter

JOHN BULL Short Story

What IS in a NAME!

Will Scott describes Fate as a tight-lipped old dame in steel-rimmed glasses and elastic-sided boots—whatever her appearance, she was waiting for Ben

by WILL SCOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR SPENCELEY

WHEN BEN TURNED THE CORNER by the Safe Deposit place he had no idea at all what they were going to call him within twenty-four hours—a few of them right away, a lot of them when they read all about it in the newspapers. Not that Ben cared.

Years back, when he was very young, he had had hopes (like all the rest of us when very young) of grand things in the way of labels. Things like Sir Ben. And hero; that had been his pet. He had had hopes that when he grew up he might be a somebody.

He had believed in fairies and things in those days. Now he didn't believe in anything much.

You wouldn't have cared about much yourself if you'd been up against things like Ben was.

Ben didn't know why things had turned out as they had. There were a lot of things that Ben didn't know. For example, he didn't know one single thing about Nicholas Crabb. So far as Ben was aware Nicholas Crabb had never existed.

It wouldn't have mattered, perhaps, if Ben had known. He had other things to worry about.

There was money to worry about, or the lack of it. There was food to worry about, or the lack of it. There was the overcoat he didn't possess; he had to worry about that in case it rained. And now, of all things, there were doodlebugs to worry about.

One doodlebug, at all events. Ben, having nothing, not even a brass farthing, told himself he was willing to bet all he had in the world that it was no more than a quarter of a mile away and coming right at him.

Which was why he nipped round the corner by the Safe Deposit place.

"Gets on your blinkin' nerves," muttered Ben.

So round the corner by the Safe Deposit place he stood stock still and listened. There it was! On it was coming! Wallop—wallop—wallop. . . . Ben began to wish he'd been brought up in another land.

Suddenly the hair on his head gave a jerk. This was it! The doodlebug had cut out.

And inside that very second down went Ben—slap in the gutter.

And from no distance at all came a terrific sound and a terrific shaking, all mixed up together. An unthinkable draught seemed to pass over Ben.

"Lumme!" he whispered.

BUT WE WERE talking about Nicholas Crabb.

Oh yes, we were. In fact, we'd not be talking at all now but for Nicholas Crabb.

A funny sort of a little chap, Nicholas. A nobody of a little chap. Never a soul called him a gentleman, but what's in a name? His heart was in the right place. Must have been. Well, you'll see.

When Nicholas Crabb first came to London, the year before Queen Victoria ascended the throne, in 1836, the only thing that picked him out from the crowd was the fact that he was shabbier than anybody else.

But Nicholas was that sort of young man that happens at least once in every family story. Never having had money himself he could very well do without it; but his mind was made up that his wife should not do without it, and no little Crabb that came along later on should ever know the poverty that he had known.

So to start with he took the little shop in Turnpike Lane and began making and selling penny pies—on which you could make quite a decent profit in 1836. And presently he made bigger pies and more pies. And then he made money.

He never took time off from his work to count the money. That side he left to his wife, who, when she wasn't doing that, was looking after the two boys, John and Horatio.

To Crabb's pies Nicholas added other things, and it wasn't long before people were coming from all over the place to lunch at the little shop in Turnpike Lane. Each week there was more and more money piled up for his wife to count, and Nicholas began to feel he was the head of a house, the founder of a line.

"There's one thing," he said, "the Crabbs will never be broke again like they used to be. We're going to be people of quality, we are. No more holding horses' heads for us. We're going to ride in the carriages."

But not just yet, for Nicholas had a dream, although he said nothing.

THE MONEY PILED UP, but it piled up into the bank, and each Saturday morning young John and young Horatio received a penny each for themselves. And when at last young Horatio grew old enough to say things about this, they were both reminded that it was a penny more than their father had had when he was their age.

Which is all very well, of course, but it depends, rather, on the way you're made. And if young John was made one way, young Horatio was made the other—the way of generations of Crabbs before him. So that when he was nineteen or so he, Horatio, thought there might be more fun, and certainly more freedom, in places far from Turnpike Lane. So, for a start, he went to Australia to see.

If only he had waited two years, to see Nicholas' dream come true. . . .

For come true it did, and a very solid dream, too, a most substantial affair. The little place in Turnpike Lane came down, and one or two other little places right and left which Nicholas had bought, and on the site up went something for posterity.

So fixed in his mind was this that at each corner of the new building Nicholas placed a great corner-stone, and under each corner-stone he tucked away five sovereigns of the year and a newspaper of the day and similar things in the fashion of the time. And on each corner-stone was carved a great stone crab, to show that he was ashamed of nothing.

And the next year the famous Crabb's was opened, Crabb's of Turnpike Lane, the newest and the grandest restaurant in the City, and when Nicholas died at the age of sixty-five he felt, in some such words, "Now, that *has* been a Career!" With a great big capital C.

And it certainly had, when you think of the way Nicholas started.

But it's all very well for men and mice and things like that to make their little plans. Somebody's on the watch all the time, letting them get on with it, and smiling. And just when everything seems set, up pops this somebody and says, "Just a minute, you, if you *don't* mind. This is *my* show."

Fate, some people would call it; meaning (these people being not at all sentimental like you and me) that tight-lipped old dame in steel-rimmed glasses and elastic-sided boots, who waits round the corner under an umbrella to land you a real beauty of a sock in the left ear the minute you turn.

Fate. . . .

John followed his father at Crabb's in Turnpike Lane, and though he was only twenty-eight at the time he was as tough a nut as Nicholas had been. Crabb's in Turnpike Lane continued to prosper.

Of course, John wrote to Horatio, out there in Australia, to say the old man had passed away, but that Horatio got his letter he never knew, for no reply ever came. John got on with the business and took a wife and had two daughters, and before very long if he gave one thought a year to Horatio that was about all.

Two daughters. . . .

Loud laughter from the tight-lipped old dame under the umbrella round the corner.

For one daughter died an old maid and the other, though she married, died childless, so that John, as he grew old, didn't laugh very much, like his father before him. But whereas Nicholas hadn't laughed because he hadn't the time, John didn't laugh because he couldn't see the joke. He became, indeed, so dismayed that at the age of sixty he turned his face to the wall and let them bury him.

And there hasn't been a Crabb connected with Crabb's of Turnpike Lane these fifty years and more.

NOW LET US HURRY down a side lane in New South Wales. There, in his thirtieth year, as the result of an argument, in which he must have been wrong, since he lost, Horatio died, leaving behind him a pile of debts, a few dozen empty bottles, a nasty name, and a son. A son who hated school and became a docker, and left a son in his turn. Who stowed away to Liverpool and settled in Wapping, and thought 35s. a week was a wage. And who, like the rest of them, had a son. And gave his son the name of Ben.

Ben sort of dragged himself up. He dragged himself up fatherless, since his father turned out to be as good at the bottle as any of Horatio's line and had to be put away.

Ben had a vague idea that on that side he was Australian, but that he had ever had, on that side, any relations in England he had no idea at all.

Not that Ben cared. What good are relations to anybody? Can't do nothin' for you, can they? Especially the dead 'uns. Whoever his dead 'uns were.

At first Ben's mother worked for him, while, after a fashion, he went to school. Then, after a fashion, he worked for

But he wasn't much use at this.
r a fashion, and soon without a
r. Ben grew to manhood, with odd
ere and odd jobs there, sometimes
g both ends in sight of each other,
y just.
wasn't what Ben would have called
and dance. He wasn't very much
ted in it. When the war came
he wasn't very much interested in
Because, even after a fashion, he
any use to the Services.
t night, when the doodlebug came,
dn't really care very much what
ned. Nothing worse could, could

that Ben didn't care a tinker's

n he couldn't have told you why
pped round the corner of the Safe
it place when he heard the doodle-
coming. Nor why he went down
in the gutter when he heard it cut

picked himself up. Broken glass
in the moonlight like frost. Some-
was running past. Shouting.
st round the corner here! In
ike Lane!"
if it mattered to Ben. Still, you've
to go somewhere, if only to keep
So round the corner into Turn-
Lane went Ben.
d that's where people like you and
entimental people, see Fate coming
it. Fate. . . . The old dear with
chins and a broad grin, waiting
d the corner with an apple.
w had old Nicholas put it once upon
e, in this very spot? No little Crabb
came along afterwards should ever
the poverty that he had known.
could help it.
y nice. But how could he, a hun-
years or so in his grave, do any-
about it now? How could he
out of the past and offer a hand
Crabb he could never have thought
How could he pat on the back a
who had never heard of him and
"Leave this to me, old boy. This
y show." Nicholas, the head of the
the founder of the line. How
he possibly work it?

's FOLLOW BEN down Turnpike Lane.
Broken glass, sissing water, smoke.
le running, people yelling, people
ing about.
n, not knowing where he was,
d about. He ran into a great square
of stone, split down the middle
thrown on its side. But it wasn't
e block of stone itself that Ben's
came to a stop. It was something
h was carved on the side.
Lumme!" said Ben. "A blinkin'
! My name! A crab carved in
. Well, I ask yer!"
stooped down and looked at it
r. And looking at it closer he saw
thing round and shining not a
le of feet away. He picked it up.
golden sovereign with the date 1863
it. . . .
n raised his eyebrows as high as
could get them. He'd heard of
reigns. He'd had them described to
But he'd never had one in his
s before. There was an old news-
r there, too. This, too, to Ben's
lderment, was dated 1863.
dropped it, shaking his head, and
saw that it had been covering other
s round and shining.
stooped again and picked them up.
golden sovereigns! One, two,
four. Five in all, with the one
eld.
Well," said Ben, "I ask yer!"
, that's not quite all. Don't let's
t the old dame round the corner.
e of Fate.
hand came down on Ben's shoulder.
oice said:
Come on, now. Less of that. I've
watching you."
nd as the Special Constable marched
away up Turnpike Lane one looker-
whispered to another:
What's the to-do, mate?"
nd the other one replied:
Looter!"

These books make news

New York's skyline may grow familiar to us all under a new holiday plan

Eight Pounds Return to U.S.A.

Thirty million people will be taking holidays after the war. Exciting plans for them are suggested here

by VINCENT BROME

ONCE A GREY, battle-scarred troopship, the liner has once again recovered her graceful lines and waits at her moorings ready for a new life. On board are hundreds of young men and women who have never left Britain before, except in uniform.

Now they are in civvies. Now they are going off to a country of vital importance to the future peace of the world and yet quite alien to them—America.

These men and women are not the sons and daughters of the wealthy and the privileged. They are the children of ordinary working-class people. They've precious little money in the world, and certainly no property.

But now the horizons are about to roll back for them, and all the excitements of travel, and all its powers to broaden the mind, will be theirs.

Eight pounds return to the U.S.A. It sounds like the magic carpet once again. Instead, this picture may become reality in the course of the next twelve months.

If the ideas put forward in Sir Ronald Davison's *Holidays For All* (Lund, Humphries and Co., Ltd.) are realised—and they can be—then thousands of young men and women will be able to visit the United States and Russia, where before it was impossible.

They will not travel in luxury. It is one of the inevitable parts of this plan that the men and women must work while they travel. Not continuously, for eight hours a day, but for sufficient time to get the cleaning and cooking done.

THE BROAD OUTLINE of Sir Ronald Davison's plan involves the British and United States Governments taking over half a dozen troopships after the war and converting them into Youth Travel Ships.

Before the war, the "student" fare to America was £18-£21. To-morrow's fare of £8 will only be possible if the passengers collaborate in working their passage.

That is one stimulating idea for the future of holiday-making. There are several others.

In 1938 the Government passed the Holidays With Pay Act.

They wanted to make paid holidays *compulsory* throughout industry by 1941. That scheme became effective, by somewhat different methods, over two-thirds of the whole field, in 1944.

From fourteen to fifteen million wage-earners were able to get paid holidays. This compared with about four and a half million in 1937.

Before the war, the holiday resorts of Britain could take between one and a quarter and one and a half million people, at peak periods. The peak period after the war will involve something like five million people. Before the war again, 'a' bare thirteen million could afford a holiday.

After the war the number will rise to thirty million. And the simple truth is that our holiday resorts just cannot accommodate this vast tide of holiday-makers.

We shall need new outlets for the holiday spirit. Fortunately, new outlets are not difficult to find, says Sir Ronald Davison, providing we approach the problem in the right way.

YOUTH TRAVEL SHIPS will help, but there are other solutions on a far bigger scale In fact, by ironical coincidence, some of our war-buildings, which appeared mushroom-fashion overnight, are ideally suited to holiday-making.

More than half the Royal Ordnance factories were built, for security reasons, in the heart of the country.

Each one has its own hostel within a mile or so of the factory, and these hostels offer the ordinary working man more comfort and better service than he gets in the normal boarding house.

Most of the hostels take one thousand people, with sleeping blocks for fifty people each, scattered over some twenty acres. There are bathrooms to each block.

The main building has a dance hall, stage, lounge with refreshment bar, writing room, library and games room.

Workers' Hotel! You get that impression when you are received in the lounge by a clerk, given the number of your room and ushered down pleasant corridors.

It would all cost you a fiver a week in a normal hotel.

Estimates say that a charge of 30s. to 32s. 6d. a week for a single man, and not more than £5 10s. for a family of four, should make the hostels pay their way as holiday hotels.

For younger people, military camps have similar possibilities, and there are thousands of young men and women who would welcome the use of a Nissen hut for a short holiday.

Holidays For All, by Sir Ronald Davison, is full of stimulating ideas.

Those ideas are of vital importance to the man in the street to-day.

By 1945 we shall at last reach an ideal which the sociologists have dreamt of for a long time. Practically the whole population will be in a position to take a "paid" holiday. But unless some of Sir Ronald's schemes are put into practice we may find that there is nowhere to go.

Your Good Health

Insulting Your Stomach

by Dr. GREVILLE PARK

MARTYRS TO INDIGESTION usually reach the X-ray department, where those with ulcers, growths, chronic appendices, colitis, and other organic diseases get sorted out and appropriately treated by their doctors.

But what about all those who are sent away with a pat on the back because nothing organic has been found?

Ten per cent. of people have naturally over-active stomachs. These stomachs empty very quickly, and then rebel when alcohol, sweets, tobacco smoke, chewing gum and other irritants assault them.

This is preventable by having meals every three hours so that the stomach is not left empty.

Another 10 per cent. are just opposite—no acid in the stomach, slow emptying, never hungry without condiments and appetisers. If they have bad teeth or swallow food that has "gone off," there is no acid in the stomach to kill the germs. Gastritis results—distension and nausea. Twenty drops of *dilute* hydrochloric acid in a half-glass of water after every meal puts things right.

Both these types get a lot worse when they are overtired and worried. The normal tummy can stand up to a war, but theirs can't. Hence the prevalence of dyspepsia now.

No stomach likes too many insults. Bolted lumps of food, overhot food, concentrated short drinks—especially on an empty tummy—strong tea and coffee, condiments, and a lot of indigestible vegetable stalks and fruit skins, all act as irritants and in time lead to gastritis. So do unnecessary aperients.

GAS IN THE intestines is usually due to undigested starch fermenting. Normally, starch is digested in the small bowel, but if this empties too quickly the starch gets into the large bowel and gases ensue. To cure the trouble, cut down starch: root vegetables, cereals, peas, beans and lentils. Not too much bread and cakes—but you can take all the sugar, jam and honey you like.

"I like to guess people's occupations, don't you?"

Two readers have complaints for Colonel Llewellin, Minister of Food

Free Speech

EGGS IN OUR OWN BASKET

This is your page. Speak out—say what you like from JOHN BULL'S Free Speech Platform

IS THE GOVERNMENT deliberately repressing the British poultry industry? The Ministry of War Transport says there is no shipping space for the extra food which British hens could turn into new-laid eggs. The Minister of Food contracts to buy Australia's exportable surplus of eggs for the next three years. While the Australian poultry farmer can confidently plan ahead, our own men are left to struggle along under injustice. Apparently a three-month-old Australian egg is far more nourishing than a new-laid British egg.—S. REDFERN, Mansfield, Notts.

THERE are some things about war time food that I cannot understand. What happens to the good meat? All meat now seems much tougher than in peace time. Presumably animals still have livers and kidneys—where do they go instead of into the shops? What has happened to corned beef? It disappeared completely a long time ago, yet other tinned meats are easily obtainable. Why?—Mrs. E. B., Clapham, S.W.4.

Jobs for the Unfit

THE GOVERNMENT THEORY that all disabled ex-Servicemen will be found proper jobs will work out in practice for the first few years after the war because of labour shortage, but what afterwards? Employers, large and small, always want the best possible profit, and naturally the unfit man will come off second-best.

Why not have Government-owned factories in every city and town run entirely by disabled ex-Servicemen? It has been proved that controls giving the Government sole manufacturing rights in certain goods work well. If the system continued, disabled men would be sure of good markets for their produce. They could hold their heads high in sound employment, and there need be no repetition of the sad cases which occurred after the last war.—D. D. FISHER, Stansfield Road, Brixton, S.W.9.

Thanks, Major Proctor

WORKING IN THE SAME SHOP at a big aircraft works are five girls who have had illegitimate children. Three of them are deeply in love with the fathers, who return the love, and are determined to bring the children up in the best possible way. Each of the five mothers has been to consult me to see if there is any way of keeping the slur of illegitimacy from their babies' birth certificates. My advice has been, naturally, to give the correct facts as the law requires and then try to keep the state of affairs from the growing child. But this is only temporarily effective.

As Major Proctor argued in your magnificent article last week, the truth is bound to come out with the law as it stands. The law must be changed. I have seen the unnecessary suffering these old-fashioned birth certificates can cause. I hope Major Proctor will fight until his suggestions are accepted by Parliament. — WELFARE SUPERVISOR, Yorkshire.

Farmer's Tricks

HERE ARE TWO MORE POINTS to consider in your arguments for better wages on the land. Lots of workers are not paid for wet days. The farmers do not send them home as they would have to pay wages, but they put them on hedge-cutting or some such job until they're soaked to the skin and *have* to go home.

I know men with families who only get paid for two or three days a week in winter. Farmers say they cannot afford more than the £3 5s. minimum. But they get £10 an acre from the Government for potatoes. Some of them do not care how small their crop is because the money still comes in.—H. R. B., Lincolnshire.

Will Wars Go On?

EVERY WOMAN, right from the time she cuddles her dolls, has the mother instinct. There is no such thing as the "father instinct." Therefore, men make wars and women are left to grieve over the sons they have borne and who will always be part of them. Until Nature endows both parents with the mother instinct there will always be wars.—Mrs. G. M., Chelmsford, Essex.

THE MURDER OF MILLIONS of individuals is the theme song of contemporary civilisation. More passionate than any other emotion that has stirred me through life is my conviction that every man who has seen modern war must dedicate himself to preventing a repetition in the future. When I went to the front and saw the horror and ferocity of fighting at close range I determined to help to end the despotism that is throttling humanity and of which war is an incident.

Christianity, which makes all men equal in the sight of God but upholds the principle of economic inequality, is the white-headed boy of every social pirate. There will be no hope of any peace until the world's workers recognise their international brotherhood and refuse to be led to slaughter.—A. JOHNSON, St. Helens, Lancs.

"You'd think they'd have some later than 1928, wouldn't you?"

No Sunday Fighting

HERE ARE THREE QUESTIONS which members of the Services should ask the Lord's Day Observance Society. Why should I fight for you on Sundays? Why don't you give, from your own large funds, the sums you lose to charity by stopping Sunday shows? Would you prefer to burn, rather than be rescued by a paid N.F.S. man on a Sunday?—Mrs. J. K., Burnley, Lancs.

Namesake Disagrees

WHEN I SAW the name "J. H. Swann" in JOHN BULL I was surprised because my name is Joseph Swann and I was a gunner in the Army. But my views about strikes in war time are exactly the opposite to his. Workers are 90 per cent. slaves. Fighting men are 99 per cent. slaves. The workers have at least kept the freedom to strike. Keir Hardie (whom my namesake quotes) wanted the British Empire to be used for the British people as a whole, not for a few aristocrats and plutocrats.—JOSEPH SWANN, Brandwood Ave., Manchester.

3rd Class Wounded

MY FRIEND AND I, both wounded but fit to travel from one hospital to another, boarded the Manchester train at Euston. I had just got over the second of two operations. One of my arms was in a sling. My friend was on crutches. We had to stand in the corridor outside a carriage in which fit young men were seen beguiling the journey with cards and bottled beer. The next compartment was first class and contained only two people. When the guard came along he said we couldn't have a seat in there because it was against the rules.—S. STEWART, Merchant Navy, Royal Infirmary, Manchester.

How Many Children?

HAVE TWO CHILDREN, certainly not five. That's my advice to "E. G.," Northfields, who wrote about the plans she and her fiancé have made for a family. I am now middle-aged and have five children, all at home. I find life very hard caring for them, and even if State grants do come, they can't make up for the hardship I have gone through.—Mrs. T. O., Lincoln.

Workers' Education

YOUR RECENT ARTICLE said "Do you wonder that the trades union men who represent the workers' case in wage negotiations are either present-day or ex-students of the Workers' Educational Association?"

I am afraid this statement is not wholly correct. The bulk of the educational work of the British trades union movement is done by the National Council of Labour Colleges. This is financed by unions with over 5,000,000 members, as well as by co-operative societies and other working-class bodies with a combined membership as great.

Mr. Ebby Edwards, who presided at the Trades Union Congress, was one of the founders of our movement, as was Mr. George Hicks, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Works. Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., who celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday the other day, was another of those who helped to found the Labour College Movement.—J. P. M. MILLAR, General Secretary, National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

Weaker Sex?

AS A MAINTENANCE ENGINEER, both in this war and in the last, I know that some of the jobs our womenfolk have been doing are beyond their strength and capabilities. I am worried about our women leaders who are constantly pressing for recognition of sex-equality in industry. Perhaps these leaders are used to office jobs. At any rate, they don't realise the harm that the wrong sort of factory work can do to girls. My advice to all young women is to wait till the finest men in the world come home, then to marry, and leave industry to their husbands.—J. HUME, Paget Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

Good Old Bad Days!

IN THE SO-CALLED bad old days a man could chastise his own children. If they did wrong he would thrash them and lock them up on bread and water for a week, thus saving their souls as well as their bodies. Many famous men have remembered with glee the hidings they used to get. Pettifogging interference in other people's personal affairs was strictly forbidden in those days and there were many happy homes.—Mrs. M. MARSHALL, Bulstrode Street, London, W.1.

Parson's Threat

RECENTLY I ATTENDED a mass christening. The minister thus admonished us: "If you don't keep your promise, you deceive me, lie to God, and afterwards there is the Judgment." I wondered if it could really be as terrible as that, and looked down at the baby. She smiled, and the smile was answer enough.—Mrs. E. E., Dorset.

Anti-Social Security

SOCIAL SECURITY be damned! The Government have no mandate from the electorate for such a project. Ratepayers and taxpayers are being stampeded into a reckless speculation. Electors must have a say, and should demand, through their Members of Parliament, the Democratic right to vote on this Social Security question before it becomes law and imposes on the worker further deductions from his weekly earnings.—A. MCNICOLL, Dundee.

Flags Before Butter

WAITING MY TURN in a grocer's shop, I heard a woman with three children refuse her cheese and bacon ration "because she couldn't afford it." She took her margarine but not her butter. On the way out she saw some flags and bought one for each child at 1s. apiece. There is no excuse for women making such a botch of parenthood.—Mrs. M. C., Sherborne, Dorset.

ONE GUINEA will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

Young Brains Wanted

Pit-owners and workers want to infuse new blood into the mines

by DONALD STOKES

COAL IS THE BACKBONE of Britain's greatness as a world power in commerce. A plan has now reached the detail stage for ensuring that coal brings new strength to Britain after the war.

I learn that the plan, which is being prepared by the Coal Utilisation Joint Council for submission to the Government, falls into two distinct parts. Both are of paramount interest to those looking for a career with prospects.

The first part of the plan deals with putting the industry on a steady course by developing markets, modernising mining methods, and rationalising distribution.

The second part suggests ways of achieving thorough exploitation of the many new industries based on coal which have suddenly sprung up as a result of war-time research.

A foundation of both parts of the plan is to secure a flow of eager, capable young men and women into the coal industry in all its branches. The Board of Education is taking an active interest in this.

The first part of the plan deals, on the training side, with all the bursaries and scholarships which are now given to promising lads working in the pits; it suggests that these should all be correlated into one national scheme.

"Year after year we have just about the same number of 'under-sixteen' entrants into the industry—about 30,000"—I was told by a man prominent in the coal trade, "but there is no reason why this should not be considerably increased after the war. We want to encourage the best young brains in the country to come into the industry. The pit-owners and the workers are pulling together in this work. Our aim is to start a training scheme, with absolutely no class distinctions, so that whatever a boy's background he can rise to become a manager.

"The education authorities in the coal areas are already co-operating splendidly, but there is a need for educational work, particularly of a practical nature, to be expanded. There are so many new methods coming along, such as the use of American coal-cutting machinery.

"One of our principal worries has been that there has been a marked reluctance on the part of young boys to take advantage of the educational facilities already offered," the coal expert went on. "We must alter that attitude of mind. Unless we can attract young men who are capable and ambitious the industry will be stunted in growth."

ON THE SCIENTIFIC SIDE, the second part of the plan put forward by the Coal Utilisation Joint Council holds out exciting prospects. Costly plants have been set up during the war to re-form coal into many valuable by-products; they are plants which would have been uneconomic to have built in peace time.

With them, after the war, we shall be able to produce the highest-grade aviation petrol, dyes, soaps, antiseptics and drugs, and an almost limitless range of other products.

These by-product industries are barely out of the experimental stages. New substances are continually being discovered and economies in production methods achieved. To the lad interested in chemistry this should be a ripe field for a profitable career.

When the plan has been discussed by the Government a State-aided scheme of education and bursaries may follow to secure a flow of suitable recruits into the coal industry. If the plan matures, the mineral that made Britain great may yet make her greater. And there is the opportunity for youth.

Drama is crowd entertainment: people milling into a theatre enjoy the scrum

THE THEATRE TO-MORROW

During the war many people have seen a play for the first time—they will want to go to the theatre when peace comes

by HAROLD BRIGHOUSE

NEITHER income tax nor high entertainment tax has prevented war time boom in the theatre. But if on the one hand these taxes are Government imposed deterrents to play-going, something must, on the other hand, be said for the Government's wise decision in the interests of morale to keep entertainments going, and in particular for the benevolent attitude towards the theatre taken by Mr. Ernest Bevin.

In London, boom was intermittent, the blitz (which it shared with other cities) and the flying bombs interrupted. And, compared with 1938, there were six theatres fewer.

Three were bombed out; three others, inopportunely, were condemned by the L.C.C. as dangerous structures shortly before the war—the Lyceum, Gaiety and Royalty. The opportunities of boom were reduced.

Living Actor Preferred

Outside London, theatre popularity was more strikingly and consistently evidenced. Some theatres were destroyed, a loss handsomely offset by the erection by N.A.A.F.I. of several hundred camp theatres. And in the towns there seemed disposition to defy the bomb by theatre-going.

Between the wars, the cinema progressed to the disadvantage of the theatre. It had capital; it built modern, comfortable houses; in turn sound and technicolour stimulated interest; it was given in many places the unfair commercial advantage over the theatre of Sunday opening, and everywhere its prices of admission were lower than the theatres.

And yet the theatre boomed. Mechanised entertainment was not preferred when—this is the point—war time prosperity tended, despite taxation, to make the prosperous careless of the difference in price between cinema and theatre.

The living actor was preferred. He, and she, will always be preferred if and when it is possible to express preference. It is not possible, there is no choice, where only a cinema exists.

No Time for Cynicism

Clearly more theatres are required. In camp, men by the thousand who never in their lives had seen a play, have acquired a taste for play-going. E.N.S.A., which over-publicises its occasional stars, has a creditable if under-publicised record, not occasional but continuous, in popular plays for an intelligent public.

C.E.M.A. with a Treasury subsidy for the duration of £100,000 a year—a drop in the ocean of a day's cost of the war—has raised public taste. War isn't wholly ruin. The middle-brow plays of E.N.S.A. and the higher-brow plays of C.E.M.A. have created a demand which, in peace, must not go unsatisfied.

All this, it may be objected, is the theatre in war time, in prosperity artificially fabricated from a sorry source. But prosperity has a sound source: full employment, and there is no present occasion to be cynical about the Government's intention to make full employment its No. 1 priority.

Wonderful Toy

Indeed full employment with shorter hours and consequently greater leisure is as much presumed in this article about the future of the theatre as it is in discussing social security or the future of England itself. And, in particular relation to the theatre, greater leisure are the operative words.

But pause. Grant prosperity and greater leisure. Still, is there not a new specific menace to the theatre?

The theatre has stood up to the onslaught of the cinema. But what of television? The reply to that question must be made partly by guesswork. We know, we who are not experts, that radiolocation has something to do with television and that war time progress and invention for military purposes are expected to make television as it was in 1939 seem a crude forerunner of after-the-war television.

In 1939, television, with limited range from Alexandra Palace, where its studios were situated, was an expensive and wonderful toy. It worked, but its screen was small, roughly the size of this page, while the whole of the receiving instrument was large. It wasn't something conveniently to be put in a room in a Portal House.

Its actors, on that tiny screen, were Lilliputians with, incongruously, man-size voices. It gave, inescapably, the sense of something substituted for a real thing.

It was a novel scientific curiosity, and to see a play televised was less to enjoy it than to wish for the opportunity of seeing that play in a theatre.

Development is likely to be public and private, cinema and household, but in either case the sense of substitution will remain. Suppose it possible to televise the whole of a football field.

More Playhouses Needed

True enough, there are winter afternoons when a man with a television set will prefer to sit at home and accept the substitute. But in normal weather he is extremely unlikely to forgo the excitement of the actual immediate game and of being one of the crowd of spectators.

Drama, like football, is crowd entertainment. Actor and audience re-act on one another. The quality of film acting is inferior to that of stage acting not only because films are made in disconnected scenes, assembled in the cutting-room, but because they are made without audience. And in 1939, whatever may be the case in the future, plays were televised in studios without audience, with resulting aridity of acting.

Whatever the developments may be, the sense of inferiority, of substitution, of remoteness from actual event, must necessarily remain: the sense, too, of mechanisation, and today when work is increasingly mechanised the natural impulse is to get away from mechanisation when at play.

This is not to say that television will have no effect on the theatre B.B.C. symphony concerts have an effect on the concert-halls. They fill them. Televised plays will fill the theatres.

If there are theatres to be filled, actors need theatres to act in.

There is shortage of houses, there is shortage of playhouses.

The problem is how not to lose the peace in the theatre, how not to wither the impetus to play-going given by the war time boom, by B.B.C. drama and, in the probable future, by television. Supply, not demand, is the question; supply of theatres.

Theatre building will for years to come be disallowed. Houses come first. But a suggestion may be made, related to the policy, generally accepted as inevitable, of the Portal or temporary house.

The suggestion is that, as soon as they can be released, N.A.A.F.I. camp theatres should be made available. They are sizeable halls of temporary but reasonably durable make, and their stages (to which the word temporary hardly applies) are well built with efficient lighting plant and back-stage amenities.

Don't Scrap Them

Obviously, release couldn't coincide with the end of the German war. Some of these theatres may possibly go overseas to the Army of Occupation, though as recently at Hertogenbosch, theatres may be found to be undamaged and immediately useable; others — well, E.N.S.A.'s valuable service may be ahead in entertaining and appeasing troops awaiting demobilisation.

But gradually Service need for these theatres will dwindle, and to scrap them would be social imbecility. The primary want of the Theatre is theatres.

There are said to be towards a thousand theatres in home camps. They, as and when released by the Services, can temporarily solve the theatre's urgent problem which, like that of so many of its audience, is housing accommodation.

The young playwrights, the men with something new to say, are in the Services today. When, or, sadly, if they come back they, like the serving actors, must have theatres to come back to.

THE AUTHOR

WROTE the Lancashire comedy "Hobson's Choice," which was first produced on the London stage during the last war.

The play has been broadcast several times and twice filmed.

His one-act play, "The Happy Hangman," was the last drama to be televised from the Alexandra Palace before the outbreak of the present war.

"I AM EMPLOYED in a large office. The chief clerk, a married man, is much too friendly with a young woman on the staff. In consequence of this, the office work has got very slack. The two take very long lunch hours together, and they go away early, leaving me to clear up and attend to things which they should have done. Despite this, they enter up overtime.

"I know the chief clerk's wife and family. She sometimes rings to know what time he will be home long after he has left. I have orders to say he is terribly busy and will be late.

"Ought I to report to the head of the firm? Or ought I to keep quiet?"

It is an exasperating position, and you have my sympathy. But frankly, what the chief clerk does is not your pigeon. You have not been asked to check the overtime schedule nor report on the behaviour of the staff. I advise you to go on doing your work in office hours, but not to stay late to clear up for other people. If anything is said about work not being done, your conscience will be clear and the blame will be put on the people responsible for the neglect. Don't make yourself a martyr. Try to be pleasant and cheerful, forget what you see around you and concentrate on your own job.

"MY UNCLE IS about to make his will and has asked me to be an executor. I do not like to refuse, but I know little about these matters, and do not understand what is involved. When I asked a friend he said it was thankless work and that, as an executor, I could not benefit under the will. Is this true? My uncle thinks a lot of me and I can't believe he would do anything to cut me out altogether."

The executor is the representative of the deceased, accepting his responsibilities and carrying out his wishes as stated in the will. He pays funeral expenses and any debts which are due, including income-tax and rates, makes an inventory of possessions, and consults the solicitor who will attend to probate. The friend is wrong who says that an executor cannot benefit under the will. He is probably thinking of the witnesses who are present when the will is signed. They cannot benefit.

"I HAVE BEEN MARRIED for seventeen years and have a family of five. My wife is of irreproachable character, a good mother and an excellent housewife. But for several years she has been obsessed with the idea that I am always having affairs with other women.

"The worst part of it is that she has told these things to my children. She is also continually spreading her stories among neighbours and relatives, which, of course, causes a great deal of trouble. When I was in the R.A.F., in billets, she even wrote to my commanding officer telling him that I was carrying on with my landlady who, incidentally, was an old lady.

"I need hardly say that all her accusations are completely untrue."

I think it possible that your wife is going through an ordeal which affects many women of her age when they have various foolish fancies and obsessions. I advise you to take no notice of her remarks and to keep yourself calm and even-tempered. You should have a quiet talk to your children and explain the situation to them truthfully.

I think it might help if you consulted your doctor privately to ask if there is any advice or treatment he can offer for your wife. You know that the accusations are untrue so your own conscience is clear. Your neighbours will mostly know, too, that your wife has an obsession. But I am afraid you will have to use patience and discretion for some time until she can be treated and cured.

Separation Allowance

M. H., Nottingham: The separation allowance paid to you by the Government is exempt from income tax, but your husband's allotment towards it has to be regarded as part of his Service pay. Even so, with two children under sixteen, neither of you is liable to pay income tax unless your combined incomes exceed about £7 per week *excluding* your Army allowance.

D. Y., Ipswich: Only men discharged under Paragraph 390, Section VI, Subpara. XVI (a)—"Ceasing to fulfil Army physical requirements"—are eligible t receive their post-war credits upon di charge. All other men discharged fro the Army will get their post-war credit following the end of hostilities.

S. L., Harrogate: When an applica tion for old age pension at the age o seventy is considered under the Old Ag Pensions Act, 1936, the *combined* yearl means of husband and wife have to b taken into account. In view of you husband's earnings, you are, therefor not at present entitled to an old ag pension. When he reaches the age o sixty-five next April, he will qualify fo a contributory award, and you will then become eligible for a pension in right of his insurance. He can continu working without the pension being affected in any way.

L. N., Manchester: The Canadian Immigration Act provides for the re admission to Canada of anyone born in Canada at any time. His length o residence outside Canada does no matter as long as he has remained a British subject.

A. L., Fulham: If your employment is scheduled under the Essential Work Order, a poster giving this information must be exhibited where you work. If it is so scheduled, you cannot leave unless the National Service Officer grants permission. Should he refuse permission, you have a right of appeal to the local Appeal Board.

WHEN NON-INTERVENTION IS BEST

What are the duties of an executor?—An office worker has to watch others slacking—Trouble by an active imagination

Service

SEND YOUR PERSONAL or other problems (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Inquiry Bureau, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, which answers countless queries by post. Stamped, addressed envelope, please.

Ex-Servicemen and dependants are helped by JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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RESULT No. 1,450 FIRST PRIZE, £250

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£20: J. Martin, 15, Pitville Avenue, Liverpool. Not In Vain—We "Stood In Van."

£10: G. A. Wilson, 1038, Dumbarton Rd., Glasgow, W. Man Who Got Herod—Looking Like Nursemaid, Hitler.

£5: Mrs. E. Cock, 111, High St., Aberlour, Banffs. Big Family—Easier Praising Than Raising.

£4: G. Jenkins, 11, Holybush Villas, Church Village, Glam. Final Victory—In "Grip," Not "Bag."

£3: Pte. E. Hardy, Somewhere-in-Britain. According To Himmler—"Die Fighting—Or Now!"

£2: J. Shear, Laburnum Cottage, Northwood, Wem, Shrops. Final Victory—German Children's "Gentle Jesus——"

For winners of 38s., 36s., 34s., 32s., and 30s., see this week's "Bullets" Bulletin. A list of 25 winners of 10s and 50 of 5s. can be seen at these offices. 1,000 Merit Awards also posted.

HOW would you like to celebrate Christmas with a delicious 4 lb. Cake from *John Bull*? There are 100 to be won in *Bullets* this week, as well as that bumper First of £250 and other substantial cheques.

Read the simple instructions and then enjoy a half-hour making *Bullets* for your coupon below. But remember your entry must be posted by Monday, Nov. 27.

ADD 2, 3, or 4 WORDS to Any "EXAMPLE"—Use Coupon Below

TO make up a good *Bullet*, simply add 2, 3 or 4 WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples*. See winners adjoining

EXAMPLE	BULLET
BRITAIN AND CO.	RIFT IN THE LUTE
PRESENT FOR POSTERITY	HOME-FRONT HERO
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THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT	A DANGER SPOT
HOME OF THE BULLDOG	THE OTHER FELLOW
STARVING PEOPLE	PARTY WARFARE
SOMETHING TO REMEMBER	FEARING THE WORST
CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING	WREATHED IN SMILES
TOMMY AND FRITZ	GOING LIKE CLOCKWORK
BLACK DIAMONDS	CLUE TO THE MYSTERY

If using any incomplete Example below, simply fill in ONE word of your choice where dotted line occurs. Then build your "Bullet" as usual.

MORE LIKE..... MEANS
WHAT..... NEEDS NO.....
INSTEAD OF..... ADDING TO OUR.....
STRAIGHT FROM THE.....

XWORD

FIRST PRIZE £50—Other prizes value £25 and up to 100 Xmas Cakes. On plain paper, give 14 completed words answering Clues below.

1. Some great figures in history now appear this—FA□ED. 2. Average bachelor admits girl without one isn't so attractive—BEA□. 3. Is improved by seasoning—□OOD. 4. You may have to change plan completely owing to sudden attack of—PA□N. 5. Chicken makes this at meal times—D□SH. 6. During recent years, these have added to many a composer's income—WOR□S. 7. Couch can be useful if you want to do this—S□EEP. 8. This may describe earth—GL□BE. 9. There are boys who expect to be given this by dad—HEL□. 10. Is generally arranged prior to erection of big public building—□ITE. 11. Getting this is apt to damp a man's spirits—WE□. 12. There are men who seem unable to enjoy day in country without—□UN. 13. Habitual punter is not the man to take these too big for him—WA□ERS. 14. A man's features are often this by hard life he's led—MAR□ED.

Entry fee—one 3d. stamp per set of Answers, including payment for December 9 *Gazette*. Last day to post—Monday, November 27. Address: Xword 496, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

TWO BIG CHEQUES WON IN X-WORD 402

WINNING WORDS: 1. BROWN. 2. WASH. 3. ZEAL. 4. RUB. 5. WORD. 6. WALL. 7. BAND. 8. STEPS. 9. WING. 10. MERE. 11. SLUG. 12. FUN. 13. SHREW. 14. BELTS.

£50 SHARERS: A. R. Howard, 49, Harioch Cres., Sketty, Swansea; Pte. G. E. Johnson, Somewhere-in-Britain.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bullets charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Dec. 16, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

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I resorted, somewhat dubiously I confess, to Yeast-Vite tablets, and I am delighted to say that I have reaped and am reaping much benefit from them.

I have also found them invaluable in helping my patients in their convalescence, particularly in mild cases of insomnia.

(Sgd.) Nurse W., S.R.N., S.C.M.

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(Sgd.) Mrs. K.

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SOYA FLOUR
HOW TO STORE ONIONS
FAT BACON

FOOD FACTS

November Scrap-book

SOYA FLOUR

Soya flour is something about which every housewife should know, for it provides another good way of adding extra nourishment to the family's meals. Many shops have it, or will be glad to get it for you, and the price is 5d. a lb. Use it to thicken soups, stews and sauces, eke out the milk with it, add it to your biscuit and batter mixtures, and make attractive sweets and savouries with it.

In cakes, biscuits, pastries

Use 1 oz. soya flour to each 7 oz. of flour and proceed according to the usual recipe, mixing soya with the flour, or creaming it with the fat. Soya flour cannot be used alone in cakes, biscuits or pastry, for, by itself, it neither rises nor binds well.

To make milk go further

Whisk 1½ oz. to 2 oz. soya flour into a pint of water. When making custards, puddings, etc., this nourishing mixture can replace half the quantity of fresh, tinned or dried milk.

Bacon

If you find your bacon a little salt, wash the rashers in warm water, rubbing well with the finger-tips. Drain and shake well, and fry or grill as usual.

How to store ONIONS

Onions are plentiful so make the most of them. Store some for the months ahead when they may be more difficult to buy. Use only dry, ripe onions. The roots and necks should be completely shrivelled, and the outer skin of the onions dry and loose.

Spread the onions thinly on floor, shelves, or shallow, wooden trays or in boxes. Alternatively, suspend them in open-mesh bags. Onions need not be stored in the dark, but try and store them in a cool and airy shed or room.

Inspect the onions at regular intervals, removing any which show signs of decay. Onions which are sprouting or growing roots should be removed and used immediately.

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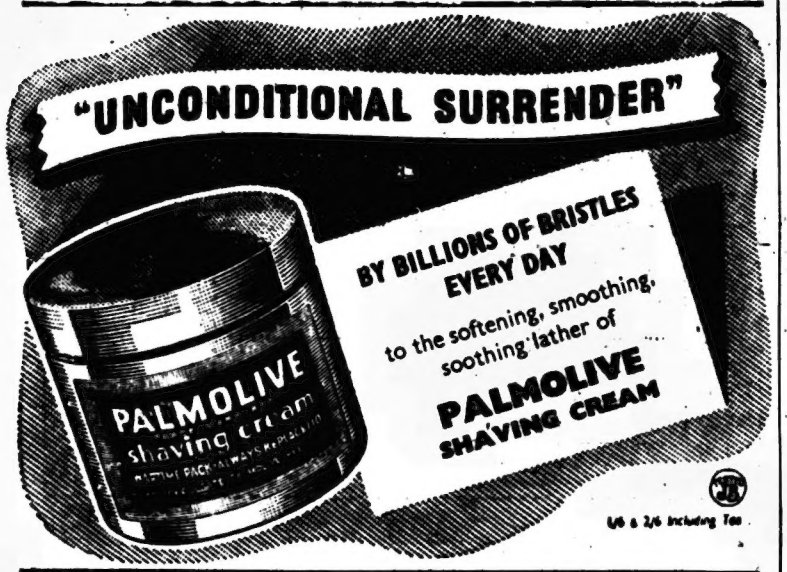
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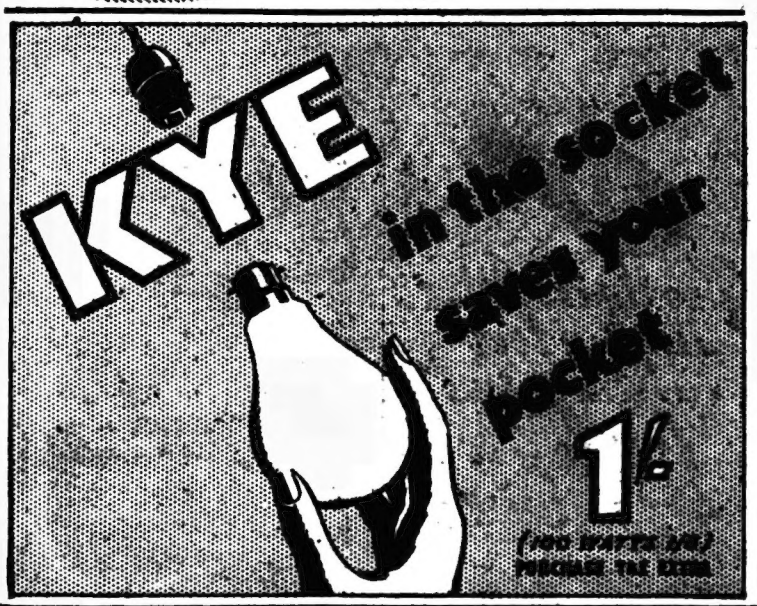

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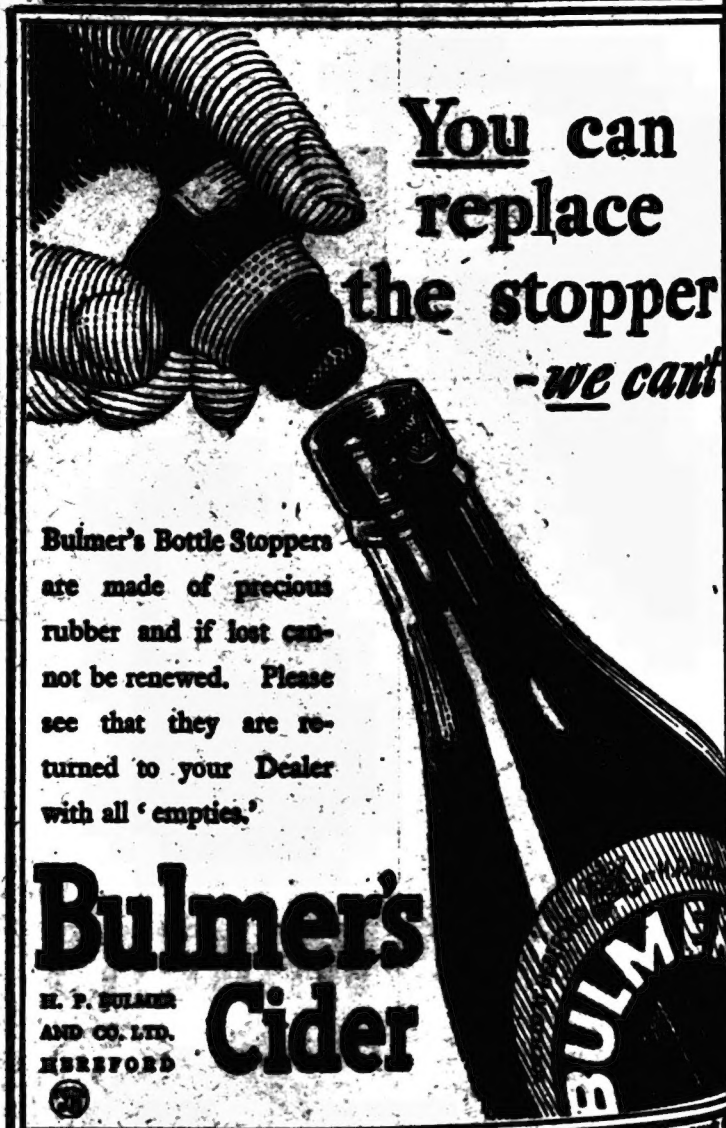
You can replace the stopper
—we can't
Bulmer's Bottle Stoppers are made of precious rubber and if lost cannot be renewed. Please see that they are returned to your Dealer with all 'empties.'
Bulmer's Cider
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